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Farm Law.

work that every Farmer, Business Man, Board
lect Men, Town Clerk, Justice of the Peace
Trial Justice in the State should have. Con-
is in the simplest manner by HENRY AUSTIN,
of Boston, Mass., member of the Suffolk
Second edition, 356 pages. A limited num-
f copies of this useful work for sale at the
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y address for TWO DOLLARS per copy.
work is highly recommended by the Press
ghout the country. We take pleasure in re-
mending it to our subscribers, and to all others
ed of such a work.

BADGER & MANLEY,
Prop'r Maine Farmer, Augusta.

Sheriff's Sale.

KENNEBEC ss: Taken on execution, wherein M. L. Day and Calvin A. Cole, both of owell, in the county of Kenneb-, co-partners the firm name of Day & Co., are creditors, S. Edward Longfellow, sometimes known and d Samuel E. Longfellow, of said Hallowell, is or, and will be sold by public auction on rday, the twenty-fifth day of January, A. D. at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the office ones & Leigh, in Augusta, in said county, following described real estate, and all the title and interest which the said S. Edward gfellow has is and to the same, to wit:

certain lot or parcel of land situated in owell, in the county of Kennebec, and bounded described as follows, viz: Beginning on the herly side of the road leading from Hallowell anchester, at the southeasterly corner of land G. Cummings; thence running northeasterly ty rods; thence running southerly eight and half rods to a stake and stones in the northerly of said road; thence on the northwesterly line of road westerly nineteen and one half rods, to point begun at, containing one-half acre, more ss, with the buildings thereon standing, and g the same premises described in a deed by S. Longfellow to said Samuel E. Longfellow, ber 31, 1859, and recorded in the Kennebec Reg. of Deeds, Book 378, Page 525.

ted this 13th day of December, A. D. 1889.

3t6 WM. H. LIBBY, *Deputy Sheriff.*

Messenger's Notice.

ffice of the Sheriff of Kennebec County, December D. 1889.

TATE OF MAINE—KENNEBEC, ss: This is to notice that on the seventh day of December A. D. 1889, a warrant in Insolvency was is t out of the Court of Insolvency for said County Kennebec, against the estate of IRA T. ENNEY, adjudged to be an Insolvent tor, on petition of said Debtor, which ition was filed on the seventh day December, A. D. 1889, to which date inter- on claims is to be computed; That the payment of debts to or by said Debtor, and the transfer and livery of any property by him, are forbidden by ; That a meeting of the Creditors of said Debt- to prove their debts and choose one or more as- nees of his estate, will be held at a Court of In- cy, to be holden at the Probate Court Room in gusta, on the twenty-third day of December, D. 1889, at two o'clock in the afternoon. iven under my hand the date first above written.

WM. H. LIBBY,
Deputy Sheriff, as Messenger of the Court of In- solvency for said County of Kennebec.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of Decem- ber, 1889.*

MARY SMITH, widow of JOSEPH W. SMITH, e of Windsor, in said county, deceased, ving presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper Augusta, in said county, that all persons interest- ms: attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augus- , on the second Monday of January next, and show se, if any they have, why the prayer of said tition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3w

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of December, 89.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be last will and testament of ELIZA M. HOWARD, e of Sidney, in said county, deceased, hav- been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three eks successively prior to the second Monday of nuary next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper inted in Augusta, that all persons interested may end at a Court of Probate, then to be holden at gusta, and show cause, if any, why the said in- ument should not be proved, approved and al- wed, as the last will and testament of the said ceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3w

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of December, 89.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be last will and testament of WILLIAM H. HILL, e of Augusta, in said county, deceased, having en presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three eks successively prior to the second Monday of nuary next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper inted in Augusta, that all persons interested may end at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on second Monday of January next, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3w

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of December, 1889.*

E. W. WHITEHOUSE, Guardian of MARY E. ght, of Augusta, in said county, of unsound d, having petitioned for license to sell the ollowing described real estate of said ward, to be placed on interest, viz: All the interest of id ward in two lots of land containing respectively seventeen and fifteen acres, situated in Augusta:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1889.*

EMERY O. BEAN, Administrator on the estate of REUEL LAGO, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of said estate for allow- ance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1889.*

ORA O. CROSBY, Administrator on the estate of THOMAS WORCESTER, late of Albion, in said county, deceased, having presented his first ac- count of administration of said estate for allow- ance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 3w

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Court of Probate held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1889.*

EMMA J. RIMBALL, widow of WM. H. KIM- BALL late of Fitzston, in said county, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper in Augusta, in said county, that all persons inter- ested may attend at a Probate Court, to be held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of December next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1889.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of WILLIAM MC- FADDEN, late of Chelsea, in said county, deceased, having been presented for probate:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of December, 1889.*

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be last will and testament of MIRIAM H. BROWN, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken to trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Nov. 25, 1889. THOMAS G. LYNCH. 4w

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the sub- scriber has been duly appointed Administra- tor on the estate of HIRAM WOODMAN late of China, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken to trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Nov. 25, 1889. PEMBROKE S. WORTHING. 4w

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscri- ber has been duly appointed Administrator on the estate of JANET H. WOODWARD, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, de- ceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

Dec. 9, 1889. E. W. WHITEHOUSE. 4w

Insolvent's Petition for Allowance.

FRANK J. PLUMMER, Insolvent Debtor, having petitioned for an allowance out of the estate of said debtor, a hearing will be held thereon, at the Probate Court Room, in Augusta, on Monday, the twenty-third day of December, 1889, at 2 o'clock P. M.

HOWARD OWEN,
Register of the Court of Insolvency.

Augusta, Dec. 9, 1889. 3d5

THE MAINE FARMER,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY

BADGER & MANLEY.

OFFICE: WILLIAMS BLOCK, WATER STREET, Within two doors of the Bridge.

TERMS: $2 Per Annum, in Advance.

FREE OF POSTAGE.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For one inch space, $1.00 for three insertions, and seventy-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices, $1.50 per inch for each insertion. All transient advertisements to be paid for in ad vance.

TRAVELING AGENTS.

C. S. AYER, J. W. KELLOGG,

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LVIII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1889. No. 7.

The New England Farmer regaled its readers last week with a communication arguing for oleomargarine.

Look out for the ice crop as soon as thick enough to cut. The first of the winter is the time to secure it. Twelve inches in thickness is enough.

With the oleomargarine exhibit in connection with the Chicago Fat Stock Show, a glib tongued talker was stationed whose duty was to impress on those in attendance the *unhealthfulness* of butter. It takes a deal of cheat to keep up the fraud of counterfeit butter.

See to it that the water for the stock this cold weather is directly from the well or spring, and is entirely free from ice. Cattle do not want ice water. Empty the trough dry after watering the stock, and it then will be in good shape for use the next time. It pays to be particular in the care of stock.

Mr. J. S. Kennerson of Barnet, Vt., has a triplet of steers that were dropped May 3, 1889. They were bred by Mr. J. W. Morrison of Fairlee. They are colored exactly alike, with white hind legs, white switches, and differ in weight only about two pounds. Mr. Kennerson is anxious to know if another such trio can be found in New England.

Mr. F. J. Gerry's butter factory at Garland, is doing a good business this winter. Garland is one of the many good dairy towns in the State, and in patronizing this enterprise, farmers are realizing some income from their stock. What all hands within reach of the factory ought to do is to put themselves into dairying with all their might, and do a business large enough to amount to something. What is wanted is more cows.

The best possible test of the value of milk, says the organ of the Holsteins, is its ability to make strong, vigorous, healthy calves. Let's see; is this so? Value of milk for what? If for rearing calves, and that alone, then the philosophy is sound without question. But if for butter, then the test of value could not rest with a calf. For making butter, we would rather trust our fortune with the milk that would throw up the thickest cream rather than grows the smartest calf.

Mr. F. LeBrocq of St. Peter's, Jersey, owns a cow, Penelope 2038, that is now 20 years old. She has produced 20 calves, and is carrying the 21st. She is by Neptune, which has been a half sister to Coomassie. Her dam lived to be 20 also, and was extraordinarily prolific. Her milking qualities are unexcelled. The large number of Jersey cows that live and do work in the dairy and as breeders far up into the teens, demonstrates the breed to be of immense constitutional vigor.

Maine apples have been going forward quite freely of late, but there is still a large stock in store waiting shipment. The quantity left in first hands is not large, sales being freely made early in the season. It is quite certain that higher prices will prevail later on in the winter, after the present rush is over. The shrinkage, however, will be considerable, and those who sold early in the season at the going prices, will have no reason to regret it. The crop has brought a large amount of money into the State.

Agricultural education appears to be developing rapidly in Prussia. According to a report issued by Herr Shiel, Under Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture, quoted in the *London Live Stock Journal*, there are now 172 agricultural colleges and schools spread over the kingdom. These comprise 11 first class colleges and academies, 16 middle class schools, 29 elementary schools, 59 winter schools for agriculture, 45 establishments for instruction in gardening, fruit growing, etc., and 12 dairy schools. There are also 36 institutions where special instruction is given in horse shoeing.

Why can't the organs of special breeds stock be consistent in their attitude toward each other? We have in mind at this time the *Jersey Bulletin* and the *Holstein-Friesian Register*. Both these papers seem to be vigilant for opportunities to give a thrust at the other fellow's breed. This may be interesting to those engaged in it, but we ask candidly, is it profitable to their readers? Neither of these champions of a good stock gain anything by trying to aggrandize the defects of the other's breed. No cause was ever strengthened by efforts to annihilate its opponents. Each of these breeds of stock has merit, and better far will it be for their organs to direct their efforts, each in behalf of its favorite breed, towards pushing their merits to the attention of farmers, instead of trying to convince them there is little worthy of attention in their opponent's speciality. If any breed of stock is to stand at all, it must be on its merit.

Sweet-Cream Butter.

Verily the agricultural press have something to talk about! Prof. John A. Myers, Director of the West Virginia Experiment Station, reports that he has been making fine butter from nice, sweet cream; and presto! the dairy journals and farm papers all around are agog over it, and are heralding it abroad as though a new discovery had been made. The professor himself evidently believes he has entered upon untrodden ground, and is carrying on "original work," and he goes on to inform us that "the so-called ripening of cream is unnecessary and undesirable," and that the market he has developed for sweet-cream butter "demonstrates clearly that the public does not want sour-cream butter when they can get sweet cream butter."

To one who has been familiar with what is going on in the dairy world, this is a deal more laughable than instructive. Some one ought to tell the professor, and these journals, that butter from sweet cream is nothing new. It has been made here in New England and sold to the trade, and delivered to admiring customers, for many years, to a limited extent. We happen to know of one factory that runs on sweet cream butter, in part, to supply a special trade, and numerous private dairies that have made that quality of product for years to meet the wants of a special line of customers. There is no novelty about it, though up to the present time comparatively little of this kind of butter has been made.

There are two very good reasons, which well informed dairymen are familiar with, why the making of butter from sweet cream rather than acid cream has not prevailed to a greater extent:

1. The general market does not like that kind of butter. Prof. Myers is entirely mistaken when he claims the ripening of cream is undesirable, and that the public does not want sour-cream butter. We do not question but he has found customers who like sweet-cream butter; there have been others before him who have found them; but if he had been a dairyman all these years he would have learned that the general public do not want that kind, and therefore the general market does not. Dairymen making butter for sale find it best to produce such as the public want. There is only now and then a consumer whose taste calls for butter made from sweet cream. The distinction between the two kinds is as marked as the difference between the creams from which they are made. The delicious aroma and corresponding flavor which renders fine, new butter so palatable and acceptable, is developed or toned up by the ripening of the cream to an acid condition. The taste of the great mass of the consumers has become familiar with this aroma and flavor, and these are what they want and are willing to pay for. Hence this quality is what the trade demands.

On the contrary, butter made from sweet cream, though the flavor is pure and fine, yet it is not so marked, or there is less of it, than with that made from cream properly ripened. The common expression in regard to it is that "it lacks flavor." It does not quite suit the taste, and is not wanted. Such butter put on the open market will sell for a lower price than the acid-cream butter. We know of a case where a sample of sweet-cream butter in competition at a dairy fair last fall, was dropped to fourth place by the expert in the awards, in competition with a first prize sample from the same dairy, but made from acid cream, and no doubt the decision was right.

2. Sweet cream does not give so much butter as the same properly ripened. The sweet cream required for one hundred pounds of butter will make about ten pounds more if soured. Where sweet-cream butter is made, this falling off in quantity is usually offset by demanding a higher price of the customers for whom it is made. Prof. Myers captures this truant cream which the churn fails to gather, by running the buttermilk through the separator the second time, and thus secures as complete a separation as with acid cream. This is an original idea, and certainly a good one, if sweet cream butter is to be made.

Less butter, and that of a quality the market does not call for, seems to be sufficient reason why this butter, which has thus suddenly been thrust before the public at this time, has not before come into general favor among dairymen. That the taste of consumers could be cultivated to accept butter of a less positive character than we have been giving them, by refusing the one and continually placing before them the other, no one will question. But in some way there must be more money out of it, or there will be no incentive to the effort. So long as the public do not want such butter, dairymen will be slow to change their methods.

Change in the Master of the State Grange.

Some months ago, Ex-Governor Robie announced his intention to retire from the position of Worthy Master of the State Grange, at the end of his official term—an office which he has filled with marked ability for eight years. From the time of entering upon the duties of the office, he has labored with an earnestness born only of a love for the order and a vital interest in the work in which it is engaged. These labors have been crowned with a success which carries with it the proof of a work well done, and leaves among those with whom he has been associated that same confidence which has ever followed his official services in other directions. At the commencement of his official service, the membership of the order in the State numbered less than eight thousand, and in voluntarily retiring from the position of its official head, steps down into the ranks of seventeen thousand members, banded together in love and good will, to labor for their common welfare.

The Hon. Rufus Prince of Turner, who succeeds Mr. Robie, is the long-time President of the State Agricultural Society, and well known to the public through his many official relations in other directions. There is no doubt but he will carry the same integrity and faithfulness to this new position that has characterized all his public efforts.

Election of Grange Officers.

—Mt. Etna Grange of North Baldwin, in a prosperous condition. Dec. 5th the officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows:

Master—J. E. Cartret.
Overseer—J. P. Crawford.
Lecturer—A. P. Murch.
Steward—N. Wiggin.
Assistant Steward—Almon Murch.
Chapiain—J. M. Sanborn.
Treasurer—L. S. McCorison.
Secretary—S. S. McCorison.
Gate Keeper—G. W. Davis.
Ceres—Mrs. J. E. Cartret.
Pomona—Clara J. Crawford.
Flora—Mrs. J. M. Sanborn.
Lady Ass't Steward—Mrs. Almon Murch.

—At a meeting of New Gloucester Grange, No. 34, the following officers were elected:

Master—R. W. Fogg.
Overseer—C. E. Fogg.
Lecturer—Mrs. J. B. Hammond.
Assistant Steward—G. L. Wharfi.
Chapiain—J. B. Hammond.
Treasurer—Wm. H. H. Snow.
Secretary—Geo. W. Hatch.
Gate Keeper—A. L. Rideout.
Pomona—Mrs. A. L. Rideout.
Flora—Mrs. C. H. Day.
Ceres—Mrs. R. Fogg.
Lady Ass't Steward—Carrie B. Wharfi.
Officers of Norway Grange, for the ensuing year:
Master—W. H. Tracy.
Overseer—J. A. Roberts.
Lecturer—J. F. King.
Steward—W. H. Buck.
Assistant Steward—Asa Needham.
Chapiain—W. C. Hobbs.
Treasurer—M. J. Rowe.
Secretary—H. C. Oxnard.
Gate Keeper—Calvin Richardson.
Pomona—Honor Gurney.
Flora—Edith Farnum.
Ceres—Christiana Tubbs.

—New Portland Grange, No. 112, Patrons of Husbandry, elected the following officers:

Master—George E. Savage.
Overseer—Cerena F. Carl.
Lecturer—J. G. True.
Steward—Charles A. Thompson.
Assistant Steward—B. L. Williamson.
Chapiain—Eldard M. Millay.
Treasurer—O. S. Emery.
Secretary—Elkanah Dyer.
Gate Keeper—Eugene S. Paine.
Ceres—E. M. Savage.
Pomona—Ama Emery.
Flora—Jennie Paine.
Lady Assistant Steward—Estelle Jordan.

At the annual election of officers of Dexter Grange, Dexter, the following officers were elected:

Master—L. W. Jose.
Overseer—John Martin.
Lecturer—Mrs. T. L. W. Webber.
Steward—A. J. Knowles.
Assistant Steward—Preston Knowles.
Chaplain—Mrs. Obed Foss.
Treasurer—P. M. Addition.
Secretary—J. L. Russell.
Gate Keeper—C. C. Crowell.
Ceres—Mrs. L. W. Jose.
Pomona—Mrs. Henry Mower.
Flora—Mrs. J. L. Russell.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. Preston Knowles.

—Medomac Valley Grange has elected the following officers for the ensuing year;

Master—L. M. Staples.
Overseer—Asa Howes.
Lecturer—M. McIntosh.
Steward—John Luce.
Assistant Steward—Charles Bartlett.
Chaplain—Louisa Miller.
Treasurer—Mrs. Preston Knowles.
Secretary—Wm. H. Moody.
Pomona—A. L. Staples.
Flora—Mabel Noyes.
Ceres—Helen Robbins.
Steward—Corrie Miller.

—The members of Aurora Grange met Dec. 3d, and chose the following officers:

Master—C. B. Conant.
Overseer—L. Daggett.
Lecturer—Grace E. Norton.
Chaplain—L. True.
Secretary—E. J. Gilkey.
Treasurer—J. S. Nash.
Steward—Shepard Huff.
Assistant Steward—A. J. Norton.
Gate Keeper—D. Richardson.
Ceres—Mrs. C. B. Conant.
Pomona—Mrs. D. Richardson.
Flora—Mrs. E. J. Gilkey.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. Emma S. Nash.

—Farmington Grange met Dec. 4th, and elected the following officers:

Master—J. H. Crowell.
Overseer—Herman Corbett.
Lecturer—M. L. S. Purington.
Steward—D. C. Averill.
Assistant Steward—F. E. Purington.
Chaplain—A. Corbett.
Treasurer—R. E. Smith.
Secretary—E. F. Crowell.
Pomona—H. Averill.
Flora—N. J. Gilman.
Ceres—H. A. Holley.
Lady Ass't Steward—L. E. Dudley.

Vermont Dairymen's Association.

At the coming meeting of this association at Rutland, Jan. 15, 16 and 17, 1890, there is to be more practical work done than ever before undertaken at such a meeting.

The first day will be cheese day, and 1000 lbs. of milk will be manipulated by Mr. Geo. A. Smith, "the best cheese maker in the State of New York."

In the morning of the second and third days the new butter extractor will run, turning out beautiful granular butter from fresh, new milk.

The new Centrifugal Testing Machine will also run, analyzing milk and cream.

Nearly $400 is offered in premiums on butter and cheese, about double the amount ever offered before. Every exhibitor will secure one of the best agricultural journals in New England *free* for one year. Send for programme and premium list.

All the railroads in the State, and the D. & H. in New York, have granted the favor of fare one way.

Spontaneous Combustion.

It has been a question unsettled whether spontaneous combustion ever occurred from over-heating in a hay mow. A correspondent of the *Breeders' Gazette* recently gave an account of fire in a mow of green clover, which appears to be well authenticated. The correspondent, J. A. Ward, writes from Iowa as follows:

Mr. J. H. Seager had about 200-tons of green clover put up in this way. It was very hot in the centre, and he tried the experiment of putting eggs in the mow at night. The next morning he found them perfectly cooked. That same day, about noon, a fire broke out in the mow—possibly from admitting fresh air when putting in and taking out the eggs. In a few days another neighbor's mow was on fire. This aroused the suspicions of a third man having clover on his premises, and he, too, put in water an iron rod and drove it down into the centre of his mow. It soon penetrated very easily. On withdrawing it, the iron was too hot to handle, and was covered with charred clover. He got a fire engine, threw water on the hay, and then took out what was wet and cooled. The whole middle portion of the mow was removed down to the floor, when he saved the rest of the hay and ashes was found, and these, after being wet, were so hot as to "burn a man's boots." The barn was thus saved, but the correspondent adds: "The scientific hay —God bless mercy on such folk would have to winter on it." It appears that quite a number of farmers were induced to cut and mow their clover green, because writers for the agricultural press said it would be spoiled to suppose you would burn, and that this was really the "scientific way" of saving clover for cattle feed.

Maine State Grange.

The session at Belfast has been a remarkable one, both in point of attendance and interest. Never have so many patrons gathered for consultation. When a single Grange in Aroostook sends thirteen members to such a gathering, it speaks volumes for the worth of the organization. The ball was set in motion by calling attention to the great question of taxation. Following this, came other questions of vital importance, and to the credit of the body it should be said that a few of these were thoroughly discussed, and when adopted their full import seemed to be fully recognized.

The following are the standing committees, in addition to those we published last week:

Department of Agriculture, State College and Experiment Station—Z. A. Gilbert, Joseph White, J. L. Lowell, E. S. Crandall, F. S. Adams, M. L. Harriman, C. Robinson, Sister A. Cunningham, Oren Learned, Tolford Durham, C. E. Sinnett, L. H. Moulton.

Household Economy and Home Amusements—Sister Hiram Grow Bowen, Fred Ritchie, John Scott, Hattie Harmon, S. H. Higgins, Geo. Ritchie, Joseph White, Nelson Ham.

Claims and Grievances—S. C. Watson, Sam'l Bell, E. H. Gregory, H. H. Moody, Lady Ass't Steward—Mrs. Almon Murch.

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Overseer—C. E. Fogg.
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Assistant Steward—G. L. Wharfi.
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Steward—Charles A. Thompson.
Assistant Steward—B. L. Williamson.
Chaplain—Eldard M. Millay.
Treasurer—O. S. Emery.
Secretary—Elkanah Dyer.
Gate Keeper—Eugene S. Paine.
Ceres—E. M. Savage.
Pomona—Ama Emery.
Flora—Jennie Paine.
Lady Assistant Steward—Estelle Jordan.

At the annual election of officers of Dexter Grange, Dexter, the following officers were elected:

Master—L. W. Jose.
Overseer—John Martin.
Lecturer—Mrs. T. L. W. Webber.
Steward—A. J. Knowles.
Assistant Steward—Preston Knowles.
Chaplain—Mrs. Obed Foss.
Treasurer—P. M. Addition.
Secretary—J. L. Russell.
Gate Keeper—C. C. Crowell.
Ceres—Mrs. L. W. Jose.
Pomona—Mrs. Henry Mower.
Flora—Mrs. J. L. Russell.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. Preston Knowles.

—Medomac Valley Grange has elected the following officers for the ensuing year;

Master—L. M. Staples.
Overseer—Asa Howes.
Lecturer—M. McIntosh.
Steward—John Luce.
Assistant Steward—Charles Bartlett.
Chaplain—Louisa Miller.
Treasurer—Mrs. Preston Knowles.
Secretary—Wm. H. Moody.
Pomona—A. L. Staples.
Flora—Mabel Noyes.
Ceres—Helen Robbins.
Steward—Corrie Miller.

—The members of Aurora Grange met Dec. 3d, and chose the following officers:

Master—C. B. Conant.
Overseer—L. Daggett.
Lecturer—Grace E. Norton.
Chaplain—L. True.
Secretary—E. J. Gilkey.
Treasurer—J. S. Nash.
Steward—Shepard Huff.
Assistant Steward—A. J. Norton.
Gate Keeper—D. Richardson.
Ceres—Mrs. C. B. Conant.
Pomona—Mrs. D. Richardson.
Flora—Mrs. E. J. Gilkey.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. Emma S. Nash.

—Farmington Grange met Dec. 4th, and elected the following officers:

Master—J. H. Crowell.
Overseer—Herman Corbett.
Lecturer—M. L. S. Purington.
Steward—D. C. Averill.
Assistant Steward—F. E. Purington.
Chaplain—A. Corbett.
Treasurer—R. E. Smith.
Secretary—E. F. Crowell.
Pomona—H. Averill.
Flora—N. J. Gilman.
Ceres—H. A. Holley.
Lady Ass't Steward—L. E. Dudley.

Vermont Dairymen's Association.

At the coming meeting of this association at Rutland, Jan. 15, 16 and 17, 1890, there is to be more practical work done than ever before undertaken at such a meeting.

The first day will be cheese day, and 1000 lbs. of milk will be manipulated by efficient means of attaining this end is to introduce the study of agriculture into the course of instruction for the older pupils, in all our rural schools. We regard it a matter of justice that the farmer, who is compelled to pay heavy taxes for the education of his children, should demand that one branch of study pursued at school shall have direct reference to that occupation, to which he devotes his life, and by which he earns his daily bread.

I. O. WINSLOW,
M. L. MERRILL,
WM. H. TOOTHAKER,
CHARLES E. JORDAN,
FRED RITCHIE,
S. T. SMITH, *Committee.*

The special committee on taxation reported as follows:

Report of Committee on Taxation.

Your committee to which was referred the question of taxation, would recommend that this State Grange take immediate action to be represented before the State valuation commission, and the commission to investigate the question of taxation, and there press the just claims of the farmers, which are here represented. We suggest that this action be prompt and decisive. That Bros. Rufus Prince of Turner, and R. W. Ellis of Belfast, be invested with this duty, that they appear as often as may be necessary to secure the desired results, and that this State Grange provide for the payment of all necessary expenses.

Representing seventeen thousand members from the farms of Maine, we urge upon each individual member the importance of using the influence of their county member of the valuation commission to the inequalities existing between the valuation of farm property and all other business investments, the absolute need of relief. We also urge upon the next legislature that taxation receive attention at the hands of our selected representatives.

This being heartily endorsed and accepted, Hon. Edward Wiggin of Sayesville, was called to the number of representatives. The remarks of Worthy Master Robie, as he gave over the emblems of his office to his successor, were particularly touching. After eight years' loyal work for the advancement of the best interests of the order, during which time the members have increased from ten to 17 thousand, it seemed like a father parting from his family, and the occasion was a solemn one. Worthy Master Wiggin, in his response, was final, and as a working member on the floor his influence will be as earnestly felt as when presiding over the deliberations.

In assuming the chair Mr. Prince expressed himself as follows:

"The first thing in war is to recruit an army; the second, to discipline that army. We, as patrons of husbandry, are at war with oppression, at war with trusts, at war with dishonest work, and free discussion of all the questions. The practical thought running all through these papers, the ability manifested, and the earnestness with which each is treated, will be manifest to all, even those not members of the order. Among the most important are those on "Education," "Agricultural College and Experiment Station," "Agriculture," "Household Economy and Home Entertainment," and on "Co-operation." The interest, which was good at the opening, increased steadily to the close. The spirit throughout has been one of unity, and this session will stand as one of the best in the history of the order. The local arrangements for the comfort, convenience and pleasure of the visiting members were all that could be desired, and those who attended to the many details and performed the great amount of work necessary, must feel that the highest success has crowned their efforts. The hotels and private boarding houses vied in their efforts to welcome the members, and not one had reason to complain. Crosby Inn, the new hotel, is simply a model of excellence in all respects. Bro. A. R. Smiley and Sister E. H. Burns of Skowhegan, with Bro. A. H. Dresser of Orland, furnished music for the entire session, and only those who have heard these singers can appreciate the rich treat enjoyed by all. From a financial point of view the order is in a most flourishing condition, the treasurer's report showing an increase for the year of over 400 dollars. One hundred and ninety-six votes, a remarkable absence of anything that would tend to give tone or interest to farming. This tendency should, in some way, be checked, not only for the benefit of agriculture, but for the sake of the young people themselves. Many of them go away and find far less happiness and prosperity than they might enjoy, under proper conditions, on the old farm which they have deserted.

In view of these facts, and with particular reference to the petition referred to us from the Somerset Pomona, we present the following resolution:

Resolved, That we regard the low opinion of farming as an occupation, that largely prevails among farmers, and especially the general tendency of our young people to leave the farm, as the one which seriously threatens the welfare of agriculture, and which the Grange should strive to overcome. We believe that this feeling and tendency may be largely corrected, by extending a knowledge of, and fondness for, the scientific principles of agriculture, so as to render farming more a matter of thought, and less a matter of drudgery. We believe that the most thorough and the education of its members, but it can and should be made to do much more and to do it more systematically in the future. The business of farming is now more than ever before an intellectual calling, and he who would keep abreast of the times and secure the best results, must have the matter of the growth of plants and animals more than ever under his own intelligent control and less a question of chance and peculiarly favorable seasons.

In order to do this he must know something of how plants grow and of the elements of which they are composed. He must be familiar with the constituents of plant food in order to know how best to stimulate the growth of the crops he desires to cultivate and to secure the most profitable harvest. He should know something, too, of the composition of soils that he may not carry on his work blindly, but may be able to tell which soil is best adapted to each particular crop and why it is so.

The fundamental principles of this knowledge he must acquire largely from books and much of what follows he must gain from intelligent experiment and from a careful review of the experiments of others who are working in the same line as the results are set forth in agricultural reports and journals. To aid in this important work, we submit that each Grange could profitably devote a part of its time to lectures and text book exercises upon the topics named.

During the winter some elementary text book upon plant growth might be introduced and recitations carried on upon stated evenings, varied by occasional lectures and discussions. We know of no way that a portion of the evenings of the winter could be more profitably spent, and by this means a beginning of the study would be made and an interest awakened which would lead many to make deeper and more profitable research.

Of course in the space allowed to a report of this kind, only a general idea of the plan proposed can be hinted at, but this idea can be taken up, worked out, improved and expanded by each Grange to the incalculable benefit of all. The important point is the duty of the Order toward the general subject of Education throughout the State and Nation. It is needless to stop here to argue in favor of the education of the masses as a means to secure and perpetuate the strength, greatness and permanency of our republic. Ignorance is the fruitful source of vice, of disturbance, and this occasion, dairy matters had the floor, and they received a spirited handling.

The main discussion was in regard to dairy tests, and the relation of the chemist to them. Such men as Professors Roberts and Marrow were anxious to take steps towards something more accurate and reliable for testing the actual and relative production of individual cows, or of different breeds, than the "churn test." Those men, who are familiar with both science and practice, and who are wisely laboring to bring the two into right relations, know that butter is much more than the mere amount of fat it contains, because of more or less water, according to the method of handling, that twenty-five pounds of butter from John Smith's Jersey may be quite a different thing from twenty-five pounds of butter from Johann Schmidt's Holstein. They also know that it is the total fat in a cow's milk which mostly determines her butter producing capacity, and that consequently the chemist can more accurately compare two cows, than it is possible to do by the use of the churn.

The discussion referred to above, developed quite different views as to what should constitute the standard for judging a cow. All agreed that the weight of butter may be misleading. One, at least, favored taking the total fat in the milk; another would increase the weight of total fat by five per cent., and so on down the line to standard butter; and others suggested, as a standard, the total fat in the milk diminished by the amount left in the skimmed milk and buttermilk. This latter view was the one on which the Maine delegates gave their support.

The fat of milk does not all find its way into the butter. Some fat is left in both the skimmed milk and buttermilk, and the percentage of loss is not the same with all cows and breeds. This being the case, it is obviously unsafe to assume that two cows which are each producing one pound of pure butter fat per day, are exactly alike in butter producing capacity.

Prof. Roberts of Cornell, claimed that if milk is properly treated, the percentage of fat in the skimmed milk will be practically the same for all cows and breeds, and his opinion should carry great weight. Many did not agree with this view, however. But, granting the claim to be correct, and assuming that the fat residue in skimmed milk can be brought uniformly to the same per cent., regardless of individual or breed, it would still be unfair to judge cows by the total fat in the milk. It is possible that a cow giving fifty pounds of milk daily, with three per cent. of fat, might be compared with one giving twenty-five pounds of milk, having six per cent. of fat. The total amount of fat would be the same in both cases—one pound and a half. But the weight of skimmed milk would be more than twice as large in one case as in the other, and consequently the waste of fat would be more than twice as great. As a matter of fact, it is yet to be demonstrated that all kinds of milk can be skimmed equally clean of fat, with the same effort and expense. Certainly, when cream is raised by the process of deep, cold setting, now so generally adopted, there is a very large difference in the percentage of fat left in the skimmed milk by different cows. The Maine Experi

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Dec. 26, 1889.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for money and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Cumberland county.

The annual meeting of the Maine Board of Agriculture will be held in this city, January 15 and 16, 1890.

Jay Gould's income is $20,000 a day. He earns $10,000 when he sleeps. Most of us could hardly earn that when awake.

The people of the virgin State of North Dakota have added a good beginning by passing a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within their borders. The law goes into effect the first of July.

The healthfulness of the State can hardly be shown by the statistics gained from the State Liquor Agency. It reports $74,000 worth of liquor sold the past year. Biddeford and Portland were the best customers. In the medicinal line, whiskey had the best sale, and rum came next.

John Henderson of Brooklyn, N. Y., the noted horticulturist, died last week, aged 71 years. He was a native of England. He was noted not only for learning, but for philanthropy, having given liberally of his large fortune to charitable objects.

A Maine man who was down in Chattanooga, Tenn., the other day, was presented to the mayor, and was given a shock when that gentleman asked him if the road was completed across from Dexter to Dover. To the surprise of the visitor, the Southerner informed him that he annually came to Maine and visited Moosehead Lake, fishing.

"Do you know how to sharpen a carving knife?" The question was asked by a butcher. "Very few people do," said he. "The carver ought to be held at an angle of twenty-five degrees on the steel. When the other side of the blade is turned, you must be careful to preserve the same angle. Then draw the steel from heel to point against the edge, using only a slight pressure."

In the selection of the Lecturer of the State Grange, in the person of Dr. Geo. M. Twitchell, the value of the *Maine Farmer* as a medium of Grange intercourse has been recognized. Dr. Twitchell is well known to be one of the most intelligent writers and speakers on agriculture and kindred subjects, in the State. He will make himself felt in his new position, and we can but congratulate the Grange on the wisdom of the selection.

The advices from the British live stock markets during the past week were more favorable to shippers than the previous week. The London markets had light supplies of American live cattle, and extra Christmas cattle sold up to 13 cents per pound, the current value for good steers being 12 cents per pound. The supply of home-fed beeves has been large, and cattle salesmen feared it would have a damaging effect upon the trade, but it has not been so.

No one ever accused Henry Ward Beecher of being a dude; but his statue being made, to be placed in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, now ready for the castings, does not give satisfaction to the friends of the great preacher. One gentleman who saw it says that it bears no resemblance to Mr. Beecher. The position is a very awkward one, and the clothes are put on so as to lead one to think that Mr. Beecher must have been a veritable dude.

Mr. William Brown of Waterville, has invented and has had recently patented a combined harrow and clod-crusher, which is in every respect a new and useful invention, and consists of a drag having affixed to its under side, near the forward end, a row of teeth or blades placed closely side by side, said teeth being composed of flat pieces of metal having a half-twist, and having their forward or cutting edges sharpened. The teeth have an inclination downward and backward, and there is also affixed to the bottom surface of the drag a smoothing rib, located in the rear of the row of teeth.

The other day a young man with smiling countenance went into a dentist's office in New York city, confidingly placed himself in the chair of torture, and submitted himself to the operation of having a tooth filled. After this, stepping to the door and bending over his desk, his patient seized an iron bar, which he had brought into the office with him, and with a well directed blow, felled the tooth-filler to the floor. Most of us do not carry such weapons into the dentist's office, with which to mete out sudden punishment for the tortures inflicted while the buzz-saw of modern science is revolving between our jaws.

We announced last week the elevation of Mr. Payson Tucker to the position of Director of the Maine Central Railroad Company. A railroad man by nature and culture, a gentleman of breadth and scope, whose abilities, measured by the success he has had in his chosen field, place him foremost among the railroad men of the country, this election seems a most fitting recognition of his valuable services. Mr. Tucker is a favorite alike with the public and the managers of the road. He has long recognized the fact that the interests of both parties are identical; and the high position which the road holds to-day is due in large measure to the wisdom of the policy which he has inaugurated and carried forward.

A great many people wonder, says the *St. Johnsbury Caledonian*, why farms are deserted by the sons of the fathers who obtained competence and happiness from them. One reason is that many of the sons are not willing to be as economical and to work as did their fathers. Instead of raising corn to fatten their cattle, they prefer to ride down to the village in a top carriage after a fancy team and order western corn of the dealer, and get it charged, too. Instead of husbanding their resources and endeavoring to increase their stock of manures, they order commercial fertilizers of value, by the ton, and too often run in debt for them. But a pay day surely comes. Instead of raising lusty steers and good honest road or work horses which will sell for $125 when four years old, they delude themselves into the belief that their colt is threatened with speed and waste twice his value in time and money in training him, and then time runs out of ten he proves a failure as a fast horse and is spoilt for anything else. And the work of it is, his owner is generally spoilt also.

An escape from Russia's vast prison house—Siberia—save by death, is so rare as to be almost unknown. Readers of Mr. Kennan's papers on the prison system there are able to realize, in a way, why this is so. But there is now on his way to Washington a Russian who claims to be an escaped Siberian exile. He represents that he was a newspaper editor, and for printing something the government didn't approve he was exiled for life. Six years he passed in close confinement, after which he was permitted to wander about on parole, after the manner of the people of the "free command" at Kara. At the end of twelve years of this kind of life, he found his way to the sea coast. There he found a British trading vessel, which took him aboard and landed him at Nagasaki, Japan. His passage was paid from there to Vancouver, in the Batavia, by strangers who became interested in his case. The Batavia arrived at Vancouver a few days ago. The officers of the vessel presented him with a ticket to Washington, for which city he is now en route. The exile travels under the name of Braut. If he is what he represents himself to be, he and George Kennan should "get together" and talk over old times.

SHALL WE ALL SNEEZE? The most of our readers have doubtless heard of the influenza epidemic, *lagrippe*, which has caused so much discomfort in Europe, and which has occasioned so much stir among physicians, who hold different opinions on the subject. It is a Russian affair, and while it was confined to St. Petersburg, people were not quite sure it was a disease, but thought perhaps the people were sneezing merely because the Czar had taken snuff, or that there was an attempt to pronounce some jaw-cracking and unpronounceable Russian name, such as Count Kamscatckcurchew or Prince Sneezeyouroldheadoff. And, moreover, it is not easy to distinguish, in the case of a Russian, between an involuntary sneeze and a deliberate use of his mother tongue.

From Russia this disease went on the wings of the wind to England, and, as America must have everything that is going, it was transplanted to these shores. It struck Boston, and the people there are unanimous in engaging in one prolonged, simultaneous sneeze. But was it to stop in Boston? No, indeed. A talented literary lady of Augusta visited the hub, in attendance on the annual meetings of the Home Missionary Society; and when she returned, her baggage contained several assorted (and catching) specimens of the genuine, unadulterated Russian sneeze. And as this lady is engaged in home mission efforts, she will not sit down and selfishly keep all this fun to herself, but will, in the exercise of her mission prerogatives, kindly distribute it among her neighbors.

So, beginning at the capital city of Maine, this Russian importation, in ever widening circles, is to extend into every nook and corner of our beloved State. At this juncture of affairs we may as well ask, what is it? How does it affect humanity?

In the first place, the whole population of a town is liable to have it at the same time, almost the same hour, with no sporadic cases by way of warning. It leaves the community just as suddenly. It follows no known laws of progress. It is independent of routes of travel by rail or sea, or the course of the winds. It may prevail in two places, while a third, lying between them, and in close communication, is exempt. It is said to affect injuriously, sometimes seriously, those subject to lung difficulties, and diseases of the throat and chest. Symptoms of the epidemic are depression of spirits, as though you had a note coming due at the bank which you couldn't pay, loss of taste and smell, soreness about the body, and those symptoms usually accompanying a severe cold in the head. It requires two weeks for the epidemic to run its course. The cause and origin of the disease are unknown. Patients when taken complain of pains in the head, in the back, and in the legs, the eyes and nose discharge profusely, sometimes the eyes are greatly inflamed. Lameness is one of the general points in which it shows up strong. The remedies are usually those taken for a cold, such as aconite, beladonna, quinine, composition powders, etc. There is no danger of the disease ending fatally.

Now that this trouble has reached America, it will be made more of here, probably, than in any other portion of the world. When a free-born American citizen begins to kerchew, on the regular Siberian-Exile-Russian plan, then look out. The sneeze produced by this epidemic is none of your quiet, suppressed and cat-like kerchews, not one which in company can be strangled in its incipiency within the folds of a pocket handkerchief; but a regular yard-wide, all-wool, sonorous, out-of-door sneeze, calculated to deceive your neighbors into believing it a blast from Allen's whistle. School children in Augusta will not presume that schools are omitted for that day. When this sneeze is heard, trouble begins, and you may as well get ready to take your medicine.

NOT TO BE A HOME OF LUXURY. The new and strict arrangements made by the County Commissioners of Kennebec county, for the conduct of the jail, are proving most successful. They have cut down the number of prisoners to fifty, and greatly lessened the expenses of the institution to the county. If the measures instituted continue to be strictly enforced, and tramps and evil doers will after awhile get it through their heads that this jail was established as a place of punishment, to make men sick of crime, and not as a delightful winter resort. In past years it has been altogether too well understood among the tramp fraternity that the Kennebec jail afforded a desirable place for residence; and the farmers of Kennebec, who work hard to obtain an honest living, have had to put their hands in their pockets to pay the expenses of maintaining these miserable law-breakers in a style approximating luxury. But all this has now passed away. In the enforcement of these new and wise rules established by the County Commissioners, the Sheriff, Maj. G. T. Stevens, is giving his most earnest support and hearty co-operation. In the matter of dollars and cents he is a loser, but a public officer who unselfishly labors for the interests of the people, will always be gratefully remembered by the people.

Henry W. Grady of Atlanta, Ga., who recently accepted the hospitality of several clubs in Boston, and made brilliant speeches on various questions, while there contracted a severe cold, which ended in pneumonia. He was able to reach his home, but died form the disease on Monday morning. He was but 38 years of age, and had attained a wide reputation as a brilliant orator and ready writer. He was engaged in many enterprises for the development of the New South. While the New England Society in New York, were celebrating forefathers' day, news was received of Grady's death. The eloquent Chauncey Depew was speaking, and paid this magnanimous tribute to Mr. Grady:

"The telegraph brings us this evening the announcement of the death of Henry W. Grady. We forget, in this moment, opinion, and remember only his chivalry, patriotism and genius. He was a leader of the new South, and died in the great work of impressing its marvelous growth and national inspirations upon the willing ears of the North. Upon this platform, before this audiance three years ago, he commanded the attention of the country and won universal praise. He was at the meridian of his powers and the hopefulness of his mission, at the critical period of the removal forever of all misunderstandings and differences between all sections of the republic, as a national brotherly New York mingles her tears with those of his kindred, and offers to his memory a tribute of her profoundest admiration for his talents and achievements."

The State Board of Agriculture of Connecticut, on Thursday discussed a resolution providing that every farmer should refuse to vote for a candidate for the Legislature or Governor who would not pledge himself to support a bill to prohibit the coloring of oleomargarine like butter, or else compelling oleomargarine to take an entirely distinct hue. The sentiment of individual farmers in the convention was obliged to favor of the resolution, but ex-Lieutenant-Governor Hyde, who presided; Secretary S. Gold and Professor W. H. Brewer, of New Haven, pointed out that the Board was a State institution and could not properly instruct itself in political action. It was finally decided that action on the matter should be indefinately postponed.

MAINE STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. A session of the trustees and officers of the State Agricultural Society was held in Belfast, Monday and Tuesday of Grange week, the following being present: Trustees Prince, Libby, Gerald and Brackett, Secretary Dennison, Treasurers Briggs and Eveleth, and Past superintendent Weymouth. Routine business matters were attended to, some arrangements for the State Fair for the coming year outlined, and the next trustee meeting for arranging premium lists, etc., called at Portland, Jan. 15th. Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Brackett drove the trustees around town, and showed them the winter beauties of the little city by the sea.

Mr. Walter Potter, of the Potter-Lovell Company, has returned from England, where he has advanced the negotiations for the sale of the New England tanneries. Three English accountants have arrived in the State, and are now investigating the accounts of the two dozen tanneries which it is proposed to purchase. About $10,000,000 is said to be the amount involved. The Shaw tanneries comprise nearly one-half of those in the proposed sale.

Mrs. Elizabeth Grinnell, who with her husband is an efficient worker in the Indian Industrial School, at Carlisle, Pa., is a drughter of Friend Joseph H. Pratt of this city. She edits two papers devoted to the interests of the Indian, "*The Red Man*," and "*The Indian Helper*," and writes with a good deal of vigor.

THE REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL. Reports that come from Brazil are vague and unsatisfactory, but their tendency is to show that the transition from one form of government to another is not being attended in all the provinces with that quiet resignation manifested by the inhabitants of the capital. In some of the provinces the monarchical spirit is strong, and there the advent of the republic is not looked upon with favor. One of them has already rejected a governor appointed by the government, and in others there are manifest signs of discontent. The new government may be strong enough to cope with this hostile sentiment, or at least prevent it from manifesting itself in overt acts. But the strength of a government, founded as this one appears to be, more upon the ambitions of a party than upon the convictions of the masses of the people, is apt to be feeble unless it has at its command a military force strong enough to enforce its decrees. The existing government of Brazil has, it is supposed, the army behind it, but the army is small and not very effective. The navy, on the contrary, is believed to regard it with suspicion, if not with positive aversion, and in an emergency the loyalty of that branch can hardly be relied upon. The danger is that some ambitious politician or military commander may start a revolt, and gathering to his standard all the elements of discontent in the country, precipitate a rebellion which the government will be unable to cope with. It must always be borne in mind that a large per cent. of the masses in Brazil are ignorant and illiterate, and incapable of self government. Therefore the foundation for a genuine republican government is wanting. At best the government can only be republican in form—and the substance of power will necessarily remain in the hands of a few. This of itself is likely to produce discontent among the masses, and make it easy for an able conspirator against the existing reigme to work up a popular uprising. The republican experiment in Brazil has not yet been sufficiently tested to entitle it to be pronounced a success. The United States Senate has decided not to be too hasty in recognizing the republic.

INSANE FROM USING TOBACCO. A party which arrived in New York recently, from Danville, Va., registering at the Hotel Bartholdi, was composed of Albert Robertson, a wealthy tobacco merchant, his wife and son, his brother Nathan (also his partner in business) and his physician, Dr. W. L. Robertson. Mr. Robertson has been for a long time under treatment from troubles growing out of over-indulgence in tobacco, and it was decided to place him in an asylum, in order to get him away from home without exciting suspicion. Mr. Robertson's physician suggested that the whole family should visit New York and spend a few weeks in sightseeing, while enjoying the change of climate. The patient consented to this agreement and thus was brought without trouble within a convenient distance from Bloomingdale.

At the hotel Mr. Robertson was assigned to room No. 7, and a professional nurse secured for him. During the afternoon he wished to go walking, and in the absence of the invalid's brother, Dr. Robertson volunteered to accompany him, the nurse being instructed to follow at a short distance. Nathan Robertson returned to the hotel a few minutes later, found room No. 7 deserted, and at once came to the conclusion that his brother had escaped. When the party returned, about eight o'clock, Nathan approached the doctor exclaiming:

"My God! I thought he had got away!"

"You mind your own business," retorted the afflicted brother, who had overheard the remark. "I know what I am doing," and without further ado he leaped upon Nathan much as a cat would upon a mouse and belabored and scratched him fearfully.

Albert is a tall, wiry and muscular man, and at this instant he seemed possessed of superhuman strength. The brother was but as a child in his hands and his cries for help brought the doctor and the nurse. Both these, however, were knocked to the floor as quick as thought. The maniac fought like a tiger. The clerk on duty in the hotel office rang his bell violently and a couple of porters came to the rescue, but they, too, bit the dust.

It was not until five stalwart employés of the house had united their strength and weight that the infuriated man was subjected and held down. Meanwhile a policeman had been called in and an ambulance summoned. Fifteen minutes later Robertson was securely strapped in a straitjacket and removed to Bellevue Hospital. He probably will be taken to Bloomingdale. Beyond scratches and bruises, none of the parties assaulted by Robertson sustained any injury.

To show what an inveterate slave to tobacco Robertson is the doctor said he consumed no less than a pound and a half on the way from Washington to New York. The tobacco he masticated as one might food, and his daily consumption of the narcotic at home was from two to three pounds.

One of the brave officers of the late war, whose memory is cherished by the men who served under him, was Gen. Hiram Burnham of Cherryfield, who, at the breaking out of hostilities, recruited a company from the sturdy loggers and river drivers of his acquaintance and went to the front, although he was then nearly fifty years of age—and was commissioned lieut-colonel. He had formerly offered his services to his country in 1839 and was captain of a company stationed at Calais, and had been a prominent member of the Maine militia. In the war of the Rebellion, his regiment, the 6th Maine, won much renown. Col. Burnham was promoted to the rank of brigadier general in April, 1864, and received his death wound in September of the same year. Not long before his death he went home on "leave" for a few weeks on account of failing health, but before he went he visited the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, where were a lot of men from Cherryfield, Columbia, Millbridge and vicinity, to carry home messages from the boys. The trip was made in an ambulance, he being too weak to ride. He declined an offer of the colonel to have any particular men sent for, but went down where they were, sat down on a bunk and had a very friendly conversation, some of the men sailing him with, "How are ye, Hiram?" In five minutes he was surrounded by a crowd of two hundred men from different regiments, who came flocking up to see a general sitting familiarly in a soldier's tent and chatting with his old friends as if he were at his old home in Maine.

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Our citizens were sorry to learn by last week's *North Star*, that Hon. Edward Wiggin had retired from his associate editorship. We regret to lose Bro. Wiggin from the ranks, and are pleased to see by an able article in last week's *Maine Farmer*, that he does not intend to allow his pen to rest.—*Aroostook Herald.*

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[The Maine State Grange Meeting—Concluded from first page.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, STATE COLLEGE AND EXPERIMENT STATION.

Brothers and Sisters: Civilized nations the world over have recognized the importance of fostering agriculture. In our own country, up to a comparatively late period, farming might properly be denominated a spontaneous agriculture, from the fact that it was dealing with a soil laden with a virgin fertility, and ready to respond to the slightest touch of intelligence with bountiful harvests. It needed not provisional care to supply the wants of a people and contribute to their wealth. Later on it came to be recognized that a higher intelligence must prevail, and the national government was called upon from time to time to give its encouragement and its protection to this industry. Out of this demand the Department of Agriculture at Washington came to be organized. Still later the Patrons of Husbandry comprehended that its scope could be broadened, and its influence enlarged and improved by elevating it to a full department in the national government, and at their bidding it was done, and a Secretary of Agriculture was placed at its head, and given a seat in the cabinet. Under this new organization its work is being enlarged and made far more efficient than was practicable under its former administration of affairs. Subdepartments have been organized in almost every branch where science and intelligence can be applied to aid in the higher success of the husbandman, and an efficient specialist placed in charge of each. The aggregate of the trained intelligence now at work in this direction for the benefit of agriculture, is hardly realized by those who have not made special effort to keep familiar with it. And this work is being enlarged, extended and perfected as the able minds engaged in it study out methods to apply the means to do it. In the establishment of these active forces now at work for us through this department, the Patrons of Husbandry have the honor of having been the chief instrumentality in bringing it about. In this they have done a great work, and one whose benefits will know no limitation, but will go on for time improving and perfecting the work as a higher knowledge and more experience shall direct.

Independent of this special department of the government the Colleges of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts were established. Occupying an untried field, and without precedent for guidance, they have blundered through many mistakes, and have had to overcome formidable obstacles in their way. Our own institution has not been exempt from these conditions. It is cause for pride on the part of us here assembled, that through all its struggles it has had the only trustees of any institution can proudly claim that by its fruits it is showing its good work. It has found its mission, and is now steadily pursuing the work for which it was endowed. It cannot, therefore, be denied that, though a College of Agriculture as well as Mechanic Arts, its agriculture is its weakest department. There is no denying the fact that its classes in agriculture have been numerically the smallest, and that in this respect there is not, up to the present time, any material significance for work to lead to question meets us here, which we, as the representatives of the farmers of the State, should studiously consider. *Must it be admitted that the farmers of the State do not feel themselves interested?* For is it that the institution has not yet had time for what to meet the wants of that particular class for whom, first of all, it was established? These questions are weighty; who will attempt them? Certain it is its agriculture needs encouragement, and if it is to increase in efficiency it must be fostered by those for whom it was specially established. It is patent to the most casual observer, who, first of all, agriculture is the matter that gets neglected. Will this institution be an exception? It lies with us, the farmers of the State, to determine whether it is to be so or certain; for the best treatment are four business men, two lawyers, and two farmers. Is this as you want? It devolves upon us to stand by this institution with all the influence we possess. If it needs reform, let us see to that matter; if wrong, it is for us to shape it aright.

In connection with each of these institutions of learning in the several States, government has more recently attached a department of experimental work, known as an Experiment Station, where experimental work with the soil, its products, and the animal life supported by those products, is carried on for the benefit of the work in the college, and the public at large. Fifteen thousand dollars are annually appropriated to each of these stations, and ours at Orono gets the benefit of that generous sum. This is nearly twice as much as is expended in carrying on the educational work of the college proper. This amounts in the aggregate to over $600,000 expended by the government in studying the important problems connected with farm production, and disclosing for the benefit of the farmer the secrets of nature connected with his work. So magnificent an endowment for such a work has no parallel in the history of civilized governments. And this is to be continuous. Consider for a moment the force of trained brain workers that are massing their efforts in these forty-two institutions of this kind for the present age, are to be found on every hand. By all means a paper or magazine for your little boy or girl; the pleasure will be lasting, the instruction sure, and your little ones early in life will form a habit and a love for reading.

Not only the savage mind, but the civilized brain, acknowledges the refining influences of music, and in these homes where it is possible to introduce music, its influence for good is well known, and the pleasant evening hour, devoted to music, quietly and silently is exercising a refining influence upon the character of your children, its memory, together with that of the free of postage and without further trouble. We have one of these stations at Orono. It has already entered upon much important work, and is preparing to do much more. This work is ours to receive, and to appropriate to our own benefit.

Recognizing the close relation of this State Grange with the work of the station, the managers have tendered us a voice in its management by asking us to name a representative to advise what that work shall be, and how it shall be done. Acknowledging the compliment of trust in us as a representative body, we have this day elected a worthy man to the place. It is for us to always see to it that the position is filled with a man capable to assist in its councils. Its work can only be such as the wisdom of its councillors shall shape.

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JOSEPH WHITE,
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E. S. CRANDON,
THOS. ROBINSON,
SISTER L. H. MOULTON,
Com.

CO-OPERATION.

Your committee on co-operation have attended to the duties assigned them and submit the following report:

As the wheels of time roll on, we behold on every hand the multiplying of combinations and trusts, all tending directly against the liberty of the soil. This being the fact, we more and more realize the imperative necessity of action, immediate action, in this same line of work. Co-operation must now be recognized as a necessity. It is folly to argue in favor of this subject, and stand idly by and not suit our actions to our words. While we are lingering we are losing golden opportunities, and allowing our informal reception, some of the men salulating him with, "How are ye, Hiram?" In five minutes he was surrounded by a crowd of two hundred men from different regiments, who came flocking up to see a general sitting familiarly in a soldier's tent and chatting with his old friends as if he were at his old home in Maine.

every ton of shorts we buy, one dollar on every barrel of flour, and 15 per cent. or more on a great many other articles, and at the same time are selling our own produce at an advance of 10 per cent., we shall then have demonstrated to them practically that the Grange means something. When we can thus touch the pocket book, we shall soon convert their sarcasm against the Grange into admiration for it; we shall then have struck the key note for those old moss backs who can see no good in anything where the dollars do not stick out in sight; and so they will come flocking into the Grange, and many of them will make excellent members, after having seen its many good points.

The principles of co-operation can be successfully applied to dairying in all our towns, and where it can not be done on a large scale, as in the butter and cheese factories, a small number of farmers conveniently situated can unite and let one of their number make and market the product. In some sections of our country much has already been accomplished by these methods. Let us profit by their example and go and do likewise. It is greatly to be regretted that so many farmers among us are prone to follow in the well worn ruts of their ancestors. The times demand different methods. We can't afford to grope along in the old ways. We must keep within hailing distance of the advance guard, or we shall certainly get left. Too many of our farmers are looking backward and clinging to the past, and only slowly backing into the future. Let them right about face, and look in the opposite direction; they will be astonished at the appearance of things, new beauties, allurements and profits will meet their gaze, new sounds will reach their ears, and a new state of things generally will greet them. While we reverence and appreciate all of the good and the true in the past, we do not feel bound to cling to its errors and superstitions. Out of the ruin, the rust and the rot of the past have come the good, the grand and the glorious of to-day. Then let us who are the foundation of the nation's prosperity, be ready to receive and enjoy the magnificent opportunities offered. All of which is respectfully submitted.

F. W. SMITH,
F. BARNES,
E. S. CRANDON,
SETH SINNOTT,
A. G. WEBB,
H. J. HARRIMAN,
MRS. M. B. HUNT,
MRS. S. O. BARTLETT,
Com.

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY AND HOME ENTERTAINMENT.

Worthy Master, Sisters and Brothers: Your committee have attended to their duty, and submit the following report:

We believe it is necessary, in every family, to practice economy—the economy that not only "keeps the pot boiling," but can proudly claim that by its fruits it is showing its good work. It has found its mission, and is now steadily pursuing the work for which it was endowed. It cannot, therefore, be denied that, though a College of Agriculture as well as Mechanic Arts, its agriculture is its weakest department. There is no denying the fact that its classes in agriculture have been numerically the smallest, and that in this respect there is not, up to the present time, any positive signs of improvement. A grave question meets us here, which we, as the representatives of the farmers of the State, should studiously consider. *Must it be admitted that the farmers of the State do not feel themselves interested?* For is it that the institution has not yet had time for what to meet the wants of that particular class for whom, first of all, it was established? These questions are weighty; who will attempt to answer them? Certain it is its agriculture needs encouragement, and if it is to increase in efficiency it must be fostered by those for whom it was specially established. It is patent to the most casual observer, who, first of all, agriculture is the matter that gets neglected. Will this institution be an exception? It lies with us, the farmers of the State, to determine whether it is to be so or certain; for the best treatment are four business men, two lawyers, and two farmers. Is this as you want? It devolves upon us to stand by this institution with all the influence we possess. If it needs reform, let us see to that matter; if wrong, it is for us to shape it aright.

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Grange News and Notes.

—At a regular meeting of the North Jay Grange, held Dec. 7th, officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

Master—L. G. Kyes.
Overseer—Arthur C. Macomber.
Lecturer—Mabel Morse.
Steward—M. Saunders.
Assistant Steward—H. A. Gray.
Chaplain—S. M. Coolidge.
Treasurer—Velorous White.
Secretary—C. Walter Look.
Gate Keeper—W. W. Davenport.
Ceres—Nellie P. Kyes.
Pomona—P. V. Campbell.
Flora—Lillian G. Trask.
Lady Ass't Steward—Ella Davenport.

—Officers of Danville Junction Grange for the year 1890:

Master—J. L. Martin.
Overseer—Geo. W. Hackett.
Lecturer—L. L. Allen.
Steward—W. A. Arris.
Assistant Steward—A. R. Thurston.
Chaplain—C. Stackpole.
Treasurer—D. J. Rowe.
Secretary—Lizzie M. Goss.
Gate Keeper—Edwin Rounds.
Pomona—Sarah C. Goss.
Flora—Mina Rounds.
Ceres—Lizzie Martin.
Lady Assistant Steward—Ina G. Rounds.
Time of meeting every Saturday evening.

—The following list of officers were elected for Pioneer Grange, No. 219, East Union, at a regular meeting held Dec. 12th, to serve for the ensuing year:

Master—Phillip W. Simmons.
Overseer—Geo. W. Payson.
Lecturer—Mrs. May F. Robbins.
Steward—Thaddeus Hastings.
Assistant Steward—Wm. E. Hilt.
Chaplain—Mrs. F. M. Taylor.
Treasurer—Wm. H. Going.
Secretary—Ephraim Lermond.
Gate Keeper—Eugene P. Simmons.
Pomona—Mrs. Geo. W. Payson.
Flora—Mrs. Ida F. Payson.
Ceres—Mrs. P. W. Simmons.
Lady Assistant Steward—Miss Jennie C. Dornan.

—East Bluehill Grange's choice of officers for coming year:

Master—Wilbur Wardwell.
Overseer—Charles Curtis.
Lecturer—Arthur Snow.
Steward—A. J. Grindle.
Assistant Steward—Herbert Herrick.
Chaplain—Lizzie Marks.
Treasurer—George Candage.
Secretary—Cora Marks.
Gate Keeper—Abel Marks.
Pomona—Lizzie Youtman.
Flora—Flora Tufts.
Ceres—Carrie Long.
Lady Assistant Steward—Aurilla Wardwell.

—Resolutions of Respect: Whereas, The Divine Master has seen fit to enter East Bluehill Grange and remove our respected sister, Josie Collins, from our number,

Resolved, That we, as a Grange, mourn her loss, and extend our heartfelt sympathy to the husband and the motherless little ones that she has left behind.

Resolved, That we place a copy of these resolutions on our record, present a copy to the husband of our deceased sister, and send a copy to the *Maine Farmer* and the *Bucksport Clipper* for publication.

ADDIE GRINDLE,
CORA MARKS,
CHARLES CURTIS,
Com.

—At the meeting of York Pomona, at Goodwin's Mills, the following officers were elected:

Master—Seth Sinnott, Saco.
Overseer—Prentiss Day, Alewive.
Lecturer—Collins Emmons, Biddeford.
Steward—J. L. Dennett, Goodwin's Mills.
Assistant Steward—Leonard Hooper, Biddeford.
Chaplain—O. J. Hancock, Saco.
Treasurer—C. B. Cleaves, Goodwin's Mills.
Secretary—Mrs. S. Lavina Brown, Saco.
Gate Keeper—Geo. W. Carter, Biddeford.
Ceres—Mrs. Seth Sinnott, Saco.
Pomona—Mrs. Prentiss Day, Alewive.
Flora—Mrs. B. F. Philpot, Limerick.
Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. J. O. Harmon, Buxton.

—Sidney Grange has elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

Master—B. F. Hussey.
Overseer—E. L. Morse.
Lecturer—T. A. Barr.
Steward—J. H. Field.
Assistant Steward—J. E. Nash.
Chaplain—Wesley Moore.
Treasurer—J. B. Bean.
Secretary—M. S. Tiley.
Gate Keeper—J. C. Reynolds.
Pomona—Minnie Moore.
Flora—Addie Service.
Ceres—Jennie Hussey.
Lady Assistant Steward—Annette Woodcock.

—J. H. Moore of Winthrop Grange, and County Deputy of Kennebec county, will present the same evening, on an official visit, and addressed the Grange in a most interesting manner.

—The following were elected officers of Norway Grange for the ensuing year, at the last regular meeting:

Master—W. H. Tracy.
Overseer—J. A. Roberts.
Lecturer—J. F. King.
Steward—H. H. Bug.
Assistant Steward—Asa Needham.
Chaplain—William C. Hobbs.
Treasurer—M. J. Rowe.
Secretary—H. C. Oxnard.
Gate Keeper—Calvin Richardson.
Pomona—

Items of Maine News.

Belfast is talking up a Loan and Building Association.

John H. James, a prominent manufacturer of Brewer, died Thursday morning, aged 53 years.

Elbridge Thompson of Limestone, aged about sixty, hanged himself last week; cause, ill health.

Work is going on briskly at the Katahdin Iron Works and the annual amount of iron is being turned out.

Aroostook leads the list last year in the number of bears killed, having 120, to Piscataquis's 79 and Washington's 52.

L. B. Burrill of Lisbon, formerly agent of the Farnsworth Company, died Sunday, of paralysis, aged 63.

Abner Nash, one hundred years old, died at Harrington, last week. He was a veteran of the war of 1812, and was in all the principal battles.

The fishing schooner Georgie Willard returns the loss of Chas. Wallace of Long Island, in a dory off New Ledge. His boat is found bottom up in a heavy sea.

Ex-Mayor Baker of Belfast, says he will have a lot of land one-fourth of a mile from the shipping centre, worth $500, to any one manufacturing enterprise that will locate in Belfast.

The two story house belonging to Philo Island, in Scarboro, was destroyed by fire on Saturday, with nearly all its contents. The barn and shed were saved. It was insured for $1200.

The iron span for the Androscoggin bridge at Brunswick, built by the King Bridge Company, has arrived, and a gang of skilled workmen from New York is now engaged in its erection.

The buildings of S. B. Titcomb, at Cornish village, burned early Saturday morning, together with a large amount of hay and grain. Loss $4000. The explosion of a kerosene oil lamp. The mother has since died.

In portions of Pennsylvania the winter is so unseasonable that pear trees are in blossom, butterflies are flying around and the wheat and grass are growing as in spring.

Max Mantwell was murdered in the basement of his house at Chicago, Ill., on Thursday night. There were no less than 60 knife wounds on his body. The police are on the track of a suspect.

The Boston Globe insists that the European influenza is the same disease which attacked the horses in Boston in 1872, afterwards made men its victims and then spread to the whole world.

Two children in Charlestown, Mass., were swinging upon a stable door, when it came off the hinges, falling upon them. One was killed, and the other seriously injured.

J. O. Pr ble & Co., manufacturers of blank books and stationery, New York, and J. H. Sheffield & Son, manufacturers of stationery, have failed, with liabilities of over a million. The two firms were intimately connected.

A movement is on foot to make Nashua, N. H., the permanent home of the New England agricultural fair. It is said to be an outgrowth of the recently organized Driving Park Association, which is about to purchase and fit up ample grounds.

At a fire in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York city, Thursday night, 81 patients had a very narrow escape from a terrible death, but every one was saved after a brave struggle, as nearly all the patients were in bed. There was most brave action on the part of the firemen.

At Boston the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the State House extension took place Saturday. Among the invited guests were the Maine State House commissioners, Governor Burleigh, Hon. Lewis Barker, Henry Ingalls, and E. C. Allen of Maine.

Two silver bars, worth $40,000, were on Friday, lost off a truck which was carrying $400,000 in silver from the American Exchange National Bank, No. 128 Broadway, New York, to the Cunard steamer Etruria, at pier 40, North river. The bars each weighed more than half a ton. They have not been found.

Mr. Amelia Price, the new minister from Hayti to the United States, Saturday presented his credentials to Secretary Blaine, who received him in the diplomatic room. The customary speeches of welcome and congratulations were made. The Secretary will present the new minister to the President next week.

William Enbanks, a widower of 45, shot and killed his sixteen year old daughter at Los Gatos, Cal., Sunday. He then attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, but will probably recover. The alleged cause of the deed was the girl's refusal to give her father her wages.

The remains of another fireman were found in Boston aboard, noon Sunday in the ruins of the Thanksgiving Day fire, about 25 feet from where the body of Buckley was found two weeks ago The body was so badly charred that identification was impossible. The head, legs and arms were missing.

Two faith curists in New York, who refused to give medical treatment to relatives suffering from typhoid fever and who allowed sick persons to go about in public, contrary to the health board's regulations were on Thursday, sentenced respectively to $200 and $150 fine, and in default payment to 200 and 150 days imprisonment.

The Nebraska State Bank at Pawnee City, Neb., has failed. E. F. Hempstead, President of the bank, is also President of the Electric Light Company. He closed the doors of the bank at noon Saturday, and turned over to his creditors all his property, including his stock in the Electric Light Company, amounting in all to about $40,000.

The stock-holders of the Walter Heywood Chair Manufacturing Company, at Fitchburg, Mass., have voted to request the directors to wind up the business. Chair making as a business for the past few years has been done at a loss. The condition of the company is such that with proper management all liabilities will be paid in full.

A thunder storm visited Buffalo, N. Y. early Sunday morning and continued an hour. The thunder peals were terrific, and the lightning almost continuous. The storm was accompanied by high winds which blew 60 miles an hour. Signs were torn down, windows and wires broken and several small buildings partly wrecked. The white caps on the lake were the highest seen for a long time.

A great sensation has been created at Coldwater, Mich., by the disappearance of Dr. P. P. Nichols, a prominent resident, formerly mayor, and at one time register of deeds. It is alleged that Dr. Nichols' business methods have impoverished several families, among them needy widows and old soldiers. It is presumed that he has gone to Canada. His debts are estimated at upward of $30,000.

George N. Evans, of Chicago who has for years been working at his trade as a carpenter, had learned from William G. Talmadge, an attorney at Washington, that he is one of six heirs to $2,000,000, which was deposited in the Bank of England by his great-grandfather, seventy years ago, for the latter's heirs, most of whom emigrated to this country years ago and were lost sight of. Evans has been sought for years by the executors of the estate, and his address was learned only by accident.

Three Japanese castaways on the island of San Alessandro, were recently rescued. In October, 1885, a small vessel was caught in a gale of wind while crossing Tsugar Straits, and blown out of sight of land. For eighty days it was tossed about, and finally thrown ashore on San Alessandro. A portion of the party patched up the junk and sailed away, but three remained, to find themselves on an uninhabited island, out of the path of all vessels. Looking about, they found a small supply of water which trickled from a rock deep by the cliff. Here they pitched a camp and lived four years on sea birds killed with stones, a little fruit off trees and fish caught with tackle improvised out of a lacquer box and works of a watch. The fate of those who started from San Alessandro has never been learned.

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Items of General News

New York is in darkness. The electric light companies refuse to turn on any current, as so many wires have been cut.

The Boston Produce Company is not going to disband, as reported. It has six stores and warehouses in Aroostook county.

The people of Lynn, Mass., have found their burdens too heavy to bear, and have called upon their neighbors in Boston for help.

The Burne Mills at Fall River, Mass., will continue for another six months the profit sharing system with their employés, adopted six months ago.

The fund for the national Grant monument is now $140,000. A new effort is to be made to complete the fund, so that the monument may be completed by 1892.

Walter S. Phillips, a boy, died from hydrophobia in New York on Tuesday, of last week. He had predicted that he should die on that day.

The Indians now regard the negotiations between the council and the Cherokee Commission at a close, and will take no action in the government's proposition.

It is now stated that Emin Pasha, who was injured by falling from a window at Bagamoyo, is entirely out of danger and is making rapid progress toward recovery.

Mrs. Kate Hoagstone and her two year old daughter were fatally burned, in New York Sunday morning by the explosion of a kerosene oil lamp. The mother has since died.

In portions of Pennsylvania the winter is so unseasonable that pear trees are in blossom, butterflies are flying around and the wheat and grass are growing as in spring.

Max Mantwell was murdered in the basement of his house at Chicago, Ill., on Thursday night. There were no less than 60 knife wounds on his body. The police are on the track of a suspect.

The Boston Globe insists that the European influenza is the same disease which attacked the horses in Boston in 1872, afterwards made men its victims and then spread to the whole world.

Two children in Charlestown, Mass., were swinging upon a stable door, when it came off the hinges, falling upon them. One was killed, and the other seriously injured.

J. O. Pr ble & Co., manufacturers of blank books and stationery, New York, and J. H. Sheffield & Son, manufacturers of stationery, have failed, with liabilities of over a million. The two firms were intimately connected.

A movement is on foot to make Nashua, N. H., the permanent home of the New England agricultural fair. It is said to be an outgrowth of the recently organized Driving Park Association, which is about to purchase and fit up ample grounds.

At a fire in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York city, Thursday night, 81 patients had a very narrow escape from a terrible death, but every one was saved after a brave struggle, as nearly all the patients were in bed. There was most brave action on the part of the firemen.

At Boston the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the State House extension took place Saturday. Among the invited guests were the Maine State House commissioners, Governor Burleigh, Hon. Lewis Barker, Henry Ingalls, and E. C. Allen of Maine.

Two silver bars, worth $40,000, were on Friday, lost off a truck which was carrying $400,000 in silver from the American Exchange National Bank, No. 128 Broadway, New York, to the Cunard steamer Etruria, at pier 40, North river. The bars each weighed more than half a ton. They have not been found.

Mr. Amelia Price, the new minister from Hayti to the United States, Saturday presented his credentials to Secretary Blaine, who received him in the diplomatic room. The customary speeches of welcome and congratulations were made. The Secretary will present the new minister to the President next week.

William Enbanks, a widower of 45, shot and killed his sixteen year old daughter at Los Gatos, Cal., Sunday. He then attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, but will probably recover. The alleged cause of the deed was the girl's refusal to give her father her wages.

The remains of another fireman were found in Boston aboard, noon Sunday in the ruins of the Thanksgiving Day fire, about 25 feet from where the body of Buckley was found two weeks ago The body was so badly charred that identification was impossible. The head, legs and arms were missing.

Two faith curists in New York, who refused to give medical treatment to relatives suffering from typhoid fever and who allowed sick persons to go about in public, contrary to the health board's regulations were on Thursday, sentenced respectively to $200 and $150 fine, and in default payment to 200 and 150 days imprisonment.

The Nebraska State Bank at Pawnee City, Neb., has failed. E. F. Hempstead, President of the bank, is also President of the Electric Light Company. He closed the doors of the bank at noon Saturday, and turned over to his creditors all his property, including his stock in the Electric Light Company, amounting in all to about $40,000.

The stock-holders of the Walter Heywood Chair Manufacturing Company, at Fitchburg, Mass., have voted to request the directors to wind up the business. Chair making as a business for the past few years has been done at a loss. The condition of the company is such that with proper management all liabilities will be paid in full.

A thunder storm visited Buffalo, N. Y. early Sunday morning and continued an hour. The thunder peals were terrific, and the lightning almost continuous. The storm was accompanied by high winds which blew 60 miles an hour. Signs were torn down, windows and wires broken and several small buildings partly wrecked. The white caps on the lake were the highest seen for a long time.

A great sensation has been created at Coldwater, Mich., by the disappearance of Dr. P. P. Nichols, a prominent resident, formerly mayor, and at one time register of deeds. It is alleged that Dr. Nichols' business methods have impoverished several families, among them needy widows and old soldiers. It is presumed that he has gone to Canada. His debts are estimated at upward of $30,000.

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Maine Agricultural News.

—W. C. Emery, superintendent of the sweet corn factory, North Anson, has opened his books for subscribers for the season of 1890. The crop will be limited to 175 acres.

—The annual meeting of the Old Kennebec County Agricultural Society will be held in Masonic Banquet Hall in Readfield, on Monday, Jan. 6, at 10 o'clock, A. M. A full attendance is desirable, as matters of importance are to be acted upon.

H. O. NICKERSON, *Sec'y.*

Readfield, Dec. 18.

—The Franklin County Agricultural Society report a debt of $800. They have chosen the following officers: President, Rollo S. Sampson of Temple; Vice President, Meilen Hayes of Farmington; Secretary, Edward A. Hall of Chesterville; Treasurer and Collector, Peter P. Tufts of Farmington; Trustees, Eugene F. Gilman, Farmington; J. E. Mosher, New Vineyard; Geo. McLaughlin, New Sharon; Benson W. Brown, Wilton; Melvin P. Tufts, Farmington; Custodian of Grounds, Henry Sprague, Farmington.

—A. P. Blake of Bethel, owns a sheep that has for the last three years brought him in an income of $36.97 for the three years, or an average of $12.33 per year. Her greatest clip of wool was 15 pounds. Who says sheep husbandry don't pay?

—Recently elected officers of North Franklin Agricultural Society: President, T. B. Hunter; Vice President, H. A. Dunham; Secretary, J. W. Butterfield; Treasurer and Collector, D. D. Graffam; Trustees, C. W. Carr, Thos. Vining, G. F. Beal, H. M. Butterfield, E. Dill.

—At the last annual meeting of the Washington County Agricultural Society, held at Pembroke, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, N. S. Allan; Vice Presidents, M. L. Wilder, L. G. Smith, W. B. Ayers; Trustees, John McMorgan, Albert R. Lincoln, Asa H. Phipps; Secretary, Agent and Librarian, A. F. Porter; Treasurer and Collector, Peter E. Vose. The society voted to build a grand stand on the fair grounds for the accommodation of its patrons, and to have it ready for occupancy before the next annual fair. The society also elected delegates to attend a convention for the purpose of choosing a member of the State Board of Agriculture. A convention of delegates from the several agricultural societies was held at Dennysville, on Wednesday, 11th inst., and Mr. E. Ernest Moore of Machias, was chosen a member of the Board.

—David Newbegin of Woodland, reports a big yield of wheat, he having raised 55½ bushels (machine measure) from 1¼ acres of land.

—ANNUAL MEETING. The annual meeting of the West Penobscot Agricultural Society will be held at the Exeter Mills Hall in Exeter, Saturday, the fourth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the choice of officers and transaction of any other business that may properly come before said meeting.

T. P. BATCHELDER, *Sec'y.*

Kenduskeag, Dec. 20, 1889.

—Somewhat colder, about zero. Good logging weather, but not snow enough to do business, neither sleighing or wheeling; if you take one, before you get home you wish you had the other. Apples did not grow very fair and nice with us this year, and proved a light crop, although a very few orchards bore bountifully and were extra in quality. Out of 175 barrels raised by one man, only ten barrels No. 3. How's that for quality? Stock is at a stand still; prices 25 to 50 per cent. lower than last year; no buyers. Where are the better times and prices so long promised us by the papers? How long, oh, how long?

Denmark, Dec. 20. G. R. BEAN.

Items and Incidents.

The oldest sovereign in Europe is Leo XIII.; the youngest, Alfonso XIII., the baby king of Spain.

Salt Rheum

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

There are 7,000,000 negroes in the United States. In the South there are 16,000 colored school teachers.

Many an otherwise handsome face is disfigured with pimples and blotches, caused by a humor in the blood, which may be thoroughly eradicated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the safest blood medicine in the market, being entirely free from arsenic or any deleterious drug.

A newspaper in California relates that, after the recent rain storm, many people of Angles camp, Calaveras county, got money enough for their Thanksgiving dinners by picking up gold in the streets and in the shallow streams.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

Barnum is having big success in London, and is dined by the royalty.

Some of the herbs in Hall's Hair Renewer, that wonderful preparation for restoring the color and thickening the growth of the hair, grow plentifully in New England.

THE BEST SHORT STORY.—Submitted in the $5,000 prize competition will be published in the *Youth's Companion* during 1890, besides many others by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Judge Tourgee, H. H. Boyesen, C. A. Stephens, F. W. Calkins and Rebecca Harding Davis.

One of the most gorgeous of the recent weddings at the Madeleine was that of Mlle. Jeanne Bidel, a really beautiful daughter of the Parisian lion tamer, and M. Rancy, a very well-favored son and assistant of a rich circus owner. They had loved from infancy, and Mlle. Bidel had often applauded her future husband while he was turning somersaults in the ring. All circus celebrities were at the wedding breakfast, given at a restaurant on the boulevard.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

All the evidence thus far presented indicates that a spring chicken is a hen in its second childhood.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A man who was drawn as a juror in an Iowa court could name but eight States of the Union and three of its presidents, believed England to be in Africa, and Canada to be "somewhere out beyond California."

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge. 15t49?

WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE. On one of the most stormy, disagreeable days last year, nearly seventeen thousand noble, patriotic women of Boston went to the polls and voted. This is not the first time the mothers, wives and daughters of this country have taken up the broom of reform, and done surprising work for the interests of their children and families. Women living near a village or large town can make many dollars "pin money" every year raising poultry and eggs. Mrs. J. L. Burgess, Nashua, N. H., cleared last year, from only 16 hens, $36.50 for eggs alone. She could have cared for 160 hens easily, and made ten times as much. She attributes her success to the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay. There is no doubt that Powder is a great help. The manufacturers have for years offered cash premiums to consumers, and a proof of what we before said of women is the fact that every year a woman captured some of their larger premiums. Out of twenty-four gold coin premiums offered last winter for best results, one third were won by the women who use Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay. For example, Mrs. Henry Baker, Hollister, Mass., won $10 and got from 18 hens during the three months' trial 1359 eggs; Mrs. L. J. Wilson, Northboro, Mass., got 3343 eggs from 100 hens. Mrs. Edwin Brown, East Greenwich, R. I., from 35 hens got 3454 eggs; Mrs. E. Barney, Freeport, Pa., got 2029 eggs from 32 hens; Miss Ada L. Ross, of Mt. Sterling, Ill., from 15 hens got 886 eggs; and Miss Maggie Croushorn of Ottobine, Va., got 1000 eggs from 30 hens. Each of the last five ladies also won a $5.00 premium from I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass. Every person who sends this firm now $1.20 for a can of Powder and deserves it, can have his name entered as a competitor, if the premiums are again offered. For 50 cts, they will send two 25 cent packs of Powder; for $1.00 five packs postpaid; six cans for $5.00 express paid; a large can of powder, also one year's subscription to *Farm-Poultry* monthly, both sent post-paid for $1.50. Sample copy of paper 5 cts. Send stamps or cash. Testimonials sent free.

Dr. Orrin Fitzgerald, of the Medical House, Allston, Mass., will by special request, visit Augusta, Friday, Dec. 27, for one day only, and examine all who may call upon him, free of charge, at the Cony House. He treats all diseases, and will not tell you he can cure unless he can warrant it. He is the most wonderful and successful physician ever known. Don't fail to see him. 3t6

The Markets.

Report of Union Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

WATERTOWN, Dec. 24, 1889.

Names of Drovers.	No. Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
E. H. Thompson,		102	
J. M. Philbrick,	14		16
Trafton & McIntire,	16		19
C. F. Whittemore,	15		15
I. C. Libby,	35		15
A. P. Libby,		176	
W. E. Wheeler,	20		6
W. C. Littlefield,	5		9
I. M. Richardson,	25		

LIVE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 2337; sheep, 8042; hogs, 25,818; veals, 338; horses, 505.

MAINE STOCK AT MARKET.

Cattle, 131; sheep, 352; veals, 58; horses, 40.

CATTLE TRAFFIC AT MARKET.

No changes to note in any branch of live stock. The bulk of the above large number of cattle were intended for shipment across the water. This week exporters have forwarded 1025 head, with advices of a steady market. The tops bringing 10@11 cts., dressed weight, which is not so much higher than our own markets, when we take into account that beef in England is sold by the side, and the hide, tallow and offal, which in an average animal is worth $10@$12, or equal to 2 cts., which would leave the quotation 8@9 cts., dressed weight, and in Boston such beef is worth 6@8 cts. by the side. The very best lot of oxen from Maine brought 6½ dressed weight. This measures the best other kinds of beef way down in the scale of prices.

Sheep and lambs begin to show a marked difference between the price of hay fed and grain fed ewes. The former have begun to shrink and pine away, while the latter are gaining, to the prices of the two classes recede. The best well fed lambs brought 7 cents; common, 5 cents. Best fat sheep, 6 cents; common, 3½@4½.

The trade on cows will be meager, as very few drovers conclude to spend Christmas selling cattle.

Horse trade is represented more active, on account of the very low price reached by heavy young western work horses; $300 buys a fine pair of sound young horses for the woods, that will weigh 2500 lbs.

Veal trade is not flattering, although in light receipt, and were taken at 4@6c, as to quality.

Poultry in crates was more abundant, and averaged to sell at 10 cts. live weight.

SALES.

The Maine veals all sold at 5¼ cts. live weight. A. P. Libby's sheep brought 4½ cts; lambs, 5½ cts. Trafton & McIntire sold fine four year old steers at 6 cts., that will dress 1000 lbs. each; 5 cattle, 1500 lbs. each, at 4½ cts. J. M. Philbrick sold 2 Hereford bulls, choice ones, that weighed 1700 each, one at 3 cts., the other 2¾ cts., to be shipped back to the home of their ancestry, England. W. E. Wheeler sold 15 cows, all springers on to calves, within two months, at $25 each. I. C. Libby sold 6 choice new milkers and springers for $240. 13 head year-olds and two-year-olds averaged to weigh 600 lbs. Lot at 2 cts. or $12 per head. C. H. Whittemore sold H. Bird & Co. 10 fine cattle produced and fed by following good farmers in Somerset Co.: Mr. McIntire of Norridgewock; Rowell Brothers, Madison; Chapman Brothers, Athens; John Swain, Skowhegan; Wm. Poll of Solon. These cattle were an honor to their feeders and the State of Maine, although not great paying institutions at the top price which they brought, 6½ cts. for beef, hide and tallow.

REMARKS.

A light run of all classes of live stock, except the export cattle from the west, which are there to be relied to both dealer and butcher, as it is natural for cattle men to indulge in recreation, and enjoy the Christmas turkey with its attendant festivities, so, very many of the New England drovers remained at home. Poultry is boss at the market to-day, and in its interests we visited Faneuil hall market, and will tell the readers of the *Farmer* what I saw. Poultry venders on all hands were in the vicinity of these birds come from western cities in carload lots, and a look at them would convince the common buyer that they were a western commodity, dressed on the ground and shipped into Boston and sold from the bushel basket dirt and all. Such goods as these find their way into every city and village in Maine, at five to ten cents per pound, and this should not discourage the Maine farmer from raising a goodly supply of poultry each year, for which there is a good demand here in Boston. I just stepped inside Faneuil Hall market, here the scene changed. Well dressed people were here, both male and female, selecting choice poultry raised perhaps in Maine, Vermont or New Hampshire, dressed neatly, well fattened, put up packed for market in clean boxes, with clean paper wrapped around each bird. These rich people appreciated this kind of goods, and were willing to pay 30 cts. per lb. for turkeys, and a corresponding high price for geese, ducks and chickens. This high price will put a smile on the thrifty housewife who has looked after these poultry interests all the way through. We can safely predict that the market never will be overstocked with these choice brands of home production, and the great wonder is that there are no more Maine farmers turn their attention to the production of eggs and poultry. It is a business requiring very little capital and if studied well and carefully managed will pay its operator more than one hundred per cent.; yet this, like all other occupations must have care and adaptability and then success is sure, and western competition need not be feared, as the long trip injures all kind of meat except beef, which ripens and grows better with age.

I. C. LIBBY.

Augusta City Market.

[CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE MAINE FARMER.]

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25.

APPLES—Evaporated, 8@11c per lb.; dried 4c; green apples 60@75c per bushel; Baldwins and Greenings, $2 00@2 50 per bbl.

BEANS—Pea beans $2 50; Yellow Eyes $2 50@2 75.

BUTTER—Good Firkin 18c; Ball Butter 18 @22c.

CHEESE—Factory and domestic 10@12c.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 40 per cwt.

EGGS—Limed, 18@19c; fresh, 24@25c per dozen.

FLOUR—St. Louis $5 00@5 50; Patent 6 00@6 50.

GRAIN—Corn 55c; oats 45c; barley 75c; Rye $1 00.

HAY—Loose $12@14; pressed $14@17.

STRAW—$7 75@8.

HIDES AND SKINS—Cow hides, 3½c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 4c; bulls and stags, 2½c; calf skins, 5@6c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

LARD—Tierce 6½@6¾c.

MEAL—Corn 50@55; rye 90@1 00.

SHORTS—$1 00 per hundred.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 7@8c; beef per side 5@6c; ham 12@13c; chickens 13@15c; fowls 12c; mutton 8c; lambs 7@8c; veals 6@7c; turkeys 16@18c; round hog 5@5½c.

PRODUCE—Potatoes, 65@75c per bushel; cabbages, 1c; squash, 1c; beets, 50c per bu.; turnips, 40c per bu.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 25.

APPLES—Eating, per bbl., $3 00@3 50; cooking, $2 00; evaporated, 7½@8½c per lb.

BUTTER—16@17 for choice family; creamery, 22@25c.

BEANS—Pea, $2 20@2 25; Yellow Eyes, $2 75@3 00.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory, 11½@12½c; N. Y. Factory, 11½@12½c.

FLOUR—Superfine, $4 15@4 75; Spring X and XX, $4 50@5 00; Roller Michigan, $5 00@5 12; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 25@5 75.

FISH—Cod Shore, $4 50@4 75; bank, $4 00@4 50; Scaled herring per box, 12@16c; Mackerel per bbl, shore 1s, $28 00@30 00.

GRAIN—Corn, bag lots, 50@51; oats, 35@38c; cotton seed, car lots, $25 00@25 50; cotton seed, bag lots, $26 00@27 00; sacked bran, car lots, $18 00@16 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $17 00@18 00; middlings, car lots, $20 00@20 00; middlings, b

Poetry.

The Hour of Death.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its festival hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to wither the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music floats upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
MRS. HEMANS.

Our Story Teller.

THE DEFT NURSE.

The Realization Equal to the Promise.

Dr. Alex. Andover threw himself into the big leather covered chair before his office fire with a weary sigh. He was a fine-looking man of thirty; not handsome, but noble and manly—one to be trusted forever, with his broad, white brow and grave, clear, gray eyes. His lips, too, under the full brown beard were as fine as a woman's without lacking in strength and firmness.

Dr. Andover's patients—especially the poorer class and the children—turned to him instinctively for advice and sympathy. His is one of those grand, kingly natures which seem made for leaders and comforters. Poor old Betty Cary, a bed-ridden paralytic, could not speak of him without shedding tears of gratitude. Little Jane Ellis, suffering with an incurable hip disease, looked upon him as a sort of god on earth. There were a score more who thought of him not only as their physician, but as a kind of generous friend who delighted to brighten the lives which would otherwise be poor and barren enough.

But fate had lately frowned upon him. In the first place, the bank in which the greater part of his snug little fortune was deposited had failed; and directly upon this came the news that some mining stock in which he had invested was worthless, or nearly so. The doctor did not fear poverty himself—his practice brought him a comfortable income, for the rich appreciated him, as well as the poor; but miles away in a distant city there was a lovely girl whom he had hoped to call his wife by Christmas time.

A girl who, though not wealthy herself, had been extravagantly educated by her uncle, in whose luxurious home she lived. He knew that not the slightest privation had ever come to her she was a petted darling with hands like a baby's. He had never questioned if she knew anything about work—the idea in connection with Maud Eveleth was absurd. He had been able to take her to a home as fine as the one she would leave, but that was gone now. Lovely, dainty, useless as she seemed, Dr. Andover had poured the whole passion of his great heart upon her; and you must not think him weak because just at first, when the news of his ill-fortune came to him, he shrank and trembled under it, thinking of the girl he loved.

For he must give her up; there was no doubt in his mind about that. He could not ask her to share the fate of a poor physician who depended upon his fees for a living.

He even smiled grimly in the midst of his suffering at the thought of Maud in a calico dress mixing up bread or washing dishes with her slender fingers, which he had only seen toying with her fan, working at embroidery, or dashing over the keys of a piano-forte.

So Dr. Andover had written her a farewell letter just a month before the time set for their wedding, informing her of his altered fortunes and releasing her from her engagement to him, and he had received no answer, although it was now Christmas week.

The doctor was worn out from exposure to rough weather and many sleepless nights. The demand upon his time and strength had been greater than usual, yet he had replied to them all, never failing to kindly courtesy beside the couch of Betty Cary any more than in the luxurious chamber of Madam Golddust, who feed him so generously.

It was Christmas week, and Maud was to have been his own next Friday night.

This thought tortured him unceasingly, together with some words in a letter which had reached him a few days before—a letter from an acquaintance who was visiting in the city where Maud lived.

"I met your fiancée at a party, last evening," he had written. "I admire your choice. She was the brightest loveliest there, and the most graceful dancer."

Dr. Andover had experienced a cruel sense of desolation as he turned that sentence over and over in his mind. Maud had loved him, after all. She could be gay and bright when they were forever separated.

The office fire smouldered to ashes, and still he sat there, still and silent, until, from sheer exhaustion, he fell into an uneasy slumber. About midnight he awoke, alternately burning and shivering, while a dull pain throbbed in his temples.

The doctor's apartments were commodious and comfortable. A large chamber opened from a large receiving-room. He was his own patient now, so he hastened to bed, and when his landlady came in the morning to call him she found him unable to rise from his pillow, feverish and half-delirious.

Christmas morning came bright and frosty—a day after St. Nicholas' own heart, and the doctor a trifle better, although weak and languid, opened his eyes to close them again immediately with a blank pang. This was to have been his wedding-day! He could hear the merry salutations on the street, the clash of sleigh-bells and the pealing organ from St. Paul's church over the way; and the sunlight and mirth and gladness made his own pain seem the keener—just for one moment until his generous heart could gather strength to reassert itself and be glad because others were glad.

The landlady, who had been like a mother to him, came in presently with a very smiling expression on her broad face.

Many of his grateful patients had remembered him with some little token, and Mrs. Derby had placed them upon the stand at his bedside; but now the kind lady's hands were folded and she addressed in a familiar lady's hand and registered in a distant city.

Maud had returned the engagement ring. Dr. Andover received the package in silence, and Mrs. Derby looked at him with a crestfallen expression.

"I thought you would be pleased, Doctor. I've come to know Miss Eveleth's handwriting, you see, and I supposed she had sent you a Christmas present. The package came two days ago, when you were delirious, and I signed the registry card and made bold to—and the lady a telegram notifying her of your illness. And Dr. Andover can you hear some pleasant news? I received a telegram in return stating that Miss Eveleth would start at once to come to you. Now, that is the act of a girl to make a man a good wife. She will probably be here to day."

To-day! Dr. Andover listened to kind Mrs. Derby in bewilderment. What did it all mean?

With trembling fingers he tore off the wrapper of the tiny package and opened a jeweler's case.

There upon its bed of purple lay a wide, gold finger ring, extraordinary wide, the inside of which was completely covered with fine lettering. And Dr. Andover read slowly through blind, rapturous tears the words the jeweler's instrument had traced there—the grand old scriptural words which had arisen in the heart of the girl, who thus proved herself worthy of him when his letter had come to her after many weary days of delay:—

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return after thee; for whither thou goes I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee."

Mrs. Derby slipped out of the room, crying herself at the sight of Dr. Andover, usually so calm, and strong, and self-possessed, sobbing like a two-year-old baby over Maud's Christmas token.

It was nearly noon when Maud herself came. She removed her wraps in Mrs. Derby's room, and after a light tap on the sick man's door she entered.

Alex. Andover had thought her lovely in her exquisite party and carriage and home toilets; but never had she seemed so sweet and gracious and womanly as now when, in her plain, gray traveling costume, her lovely face a little pale with weariness and excitement, her mouth tremulous, and her dark eyes glowing with a sudden light, she glided in her swift noiseless way across the room to his side.

"My darling! My own, sweet, true-hearted darling!" cried the doctor, clasping both arms about her and drawing her face down to his own.

And presently after the first greeting was over, Maud explained:—

"Your letter was delayed in some way. I did not get it until a week ago. You remember the great gold piece you sent me from California two years ago? Well, when I got your letter I took that gold to a jeweller and had it made into a ring. And after I received Mrs. Derby's telegram, I made uncle promise to bring me to you at once. I would have come alone if he had not come with me, horrible and unconventional as my fashionable friends would have called me. Why, Alex., what a silly butterfly you must have thought me! Do you think I cared for riches without you, dear? And do you think I am good for nothing but to dance the German and play the piano? I assure you, sir," and here she doubled one small white fist under his very nose—"this hand which you consider so weak and useless, can make the most delicious bread and pies and cakes; can make beds, and sweep, and wash dishes. Aunt Alice never neglected the most important part of my education, and I am sure I shall make a most excellent wife for a poor man. That is, Alex."—and here she flushed up gloriously—"if you will have me."

Dr. Andover smoothed the last words against his shoulder, and as soon as she could free herself from his unceremonious embrace she began anew to coax and weedle him into consenting to some plan of her own, to which at first he objected, but finally yielded. Result was that at five o'clock that afternoon Maud Eveleth was made Dr. Alex. Andover's wife, and at once asserted her authority by taking upon herself the duties of a nurse.

Of course, under such treatment he recovers rapidly, and every day grew to appreciate more and more the loyalty and worth of the sweet little woman who had not failed in his dark hour.

Abiel Lovejoy.

During the earlier days of the American Revolution, while the territory which is the State of Maine was scarcely less than an unbroken wilderness, there came from Charlestown, Mass., up our lovely Kennebec, one of the first settlers upon its shores in this vicinity. This man was Abiel Lovejoy; he first stopped in what is now the town of Dresden, but for some reason, presumably not being entirely satisfied with his situation or surroundings, he remained there but a short time when he again started up the river ascending as far as Vassalboro; here he took up a farm embracing quite a territory, situated upon both sides of the river, and lying both above and below what has been known for so many years as Lovejoy's Ferry. He made his home on the west side, in the present town of Sidney, which was set off from Vassalboro in 1792; his home stood upon a knoll overlooking a fine slope toward the river, upon the farm now owned by Capt. James Sherman, a retired whaleman. Here he lived the remainder of his days, and here in the soil of this same place his ashes now repose; and if this spot, in its primitive beauty was in any way to be compared with its present loveliness, it is no wonder that here he chose to live and die, for nowhere in all the Kennebec valley which has some of the finest scenery in the State of Maine can be seen people and hear more charming than this, with its broad acres of waving grass in its season, sloping gently to an intervale below and beyond this, the grand old river "sweeping in its majesty along," and in the background the "forest primeval" with its shades of "living green," the whole presenting a grand panorama of exquisite beauty. Mr. Lovejoy was born in England in 1731, but when he first came to America, the writer has been unable to ascertain nor the exact year he came to the Kennebec, but certain it is that he was in Dresden in the year 1775, when Arnold made his expedition up the river, and that he came to Vassalboro soon after. He was a man of great wealth for those days and exchanged considerable gold with Arnold's soldiers for continental money as they were going to Quebec where the paper money would not be taken. This money soon became worthless on his hands, and it is related that he had a room in his house entirely papered with it. He married previously to his coming to Maine, Miss Abigail Brown, the belle of Charlestown, whose father, a manufacturer of gloves and leather breeches, also came from England, and whose house was the first one fired when the British burned the town. Mrs. Brown had sent all their silver and pewter, which was considerable, into the country for safety; when her husband found it out he was vexed, and had it all brought back again, declaring that they didn't dare attack Charlestown. The next day the attack was made and their house was the first to fall, and with all their silver and pewter.

Brown's Island, opposite Farmingdale, was named for William Brown, brother of Abigail. Sixteen children were born as the result of the union between Abiel Lovejoy and Abigail Brown; their names as far as we have been able to ascertain them, but perhaps not in the order born, were Abiel, Thomas, John, Jacob, Nathaniel, Stephen, Frank, William, Elizabeth, Abigail, Fanny and Phebe. Nathaniel, who was born in 1759 had twelve children as follows:—Polly, Nathaniel, Fanny, William, Samuel, Odlorn, Abigail, John, Rachel, Jacob, Charles and Hiram. Taking these two families, representing two generations, as specimens of the fruitfulness of the Lovejoys, it may be easily understood that there are in Sidney, Vassalboro and neighboring towns, as well as scattered all over the country, very many living to-day who trace their lineage back to the original Abiel Lovejoy, who is the subject of this sketch. The nearest descendants in this vicinity are Capt. William Morse of Augusta and his sister, Mrs. Mary Thomas of Benton, who are grandchildren, being the children of Phebe, Abiel's youngest child. Mrs. Philip Hanson, Mrs. Greenleaf Low and Joseph Smiley, of Vassalboro, and David Smiley of North Vassalboro, are all great grandchildren, through different branches of the family as are also Henry and Daniel Smiley of Sidney. Charles H. Lovejoy, who was for 13 or 14 years one of the selectmen of Sidney, and for several years past messenger to the Maine senate, is a great grandson. Sewell Lovejoy, who died a few years ago in Sidney, and whose widow still resides there, was also a great grandson. These, with their children and in some cases grandchildren, together with probably many other families who are more or less connected, make quite an extensive progeny about here which embraces many of our best citizens. Abiel Lovejoy, when he lived in Massachusetts, owned slaves, and when he came here brought several with him who had declined to leave him when they had been freed a few years previous to this. Their names were Salem, Boston and Venus, the two latter being woman and wife, and several children of Boston and Venus. It is related that when they were told they were free men by law, and could go or remain, Salem who was an aged man said, "I shall stay, for they have eaten the meat, now they can pick the bone." They remained with him, and the three older ones and some of the younger ones died in Sidney. A good story is told that on one occasion when the old gentleman was harvesting his hay, he went into the field to carry the liquor which was thought in those days to be quite indispensable, noticing the work was not being well done, he asked "who mowed this swath?" Anxious to escape the censure which they knew they deserved, the others replied "Boston;" again going on he said "and who mowed this and this?" "Boston, Boston," was every time the answer; "very well" the old gentleman replied, "as Boston has done all the work he shall have all the grog." In these early days of course wolves and other wild animals were plenty and on one occasion one of the slaves was sent in the winter time, with a yoke of oxen to carry a load of hay to some cattle Mr. Lovejoy had on the east side of the river, back near Lovejoy's pond; on his return he was set upon by a pack of wolves and he and his oxen were killed; the carcasses of seven wolves killed by his pitchfork lying near the spot showed how desperately the poor slave had fought for his life. The above pond which was then, and for years after, called Lovejoy's pond, is the one which is familiarly known now as Webber's pond. Life size pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy were painted which have been seen by some of the present descendants; they were carried to New York by some member of the family and there destroyed in a fire. He is described as a man of commanding presence, of marked intelligence and of more than ordinary ability, though somewhat set in his opinions. It was common in those days when information on any subject was desired, to say, "go and ask old Lovejoy." The esteem in which he was held, and the estimate of his honesty and ability is well illustrated by the fact that he was for nine years sent to represent this district in this provincial congress of Massachusetts; the first time he was sent we believe, was in 1777. He was also for years justice of the peace. He gave each of his children a farm out of his many acres and to others he sold farms from time to time. Nathaniel, his son spoken of above, received his portion upon the east side of the river in what is now Riverside and embraced quite a large territory immediately north of the Ferry and upon both sides of the river road. His house which has long since been removed, stood upon the farm now owned by Mr. Lot Trask. He also divided his farm among his children and several of them built houses near their father's, one house built by them now owned by Mr. E. S. Forrest, one lived in a house near where the Newell Reed house stands. A Mr. Chase who married one of the girls, built and occupied the house now owned by Mr. B. Y. Reed. His youngest son, Hiram, lived until a few years ago in the same house that Mr. Trask now lives in, and tended the ferry, which had previously been tended by his father as long as he was able to. The farm now owned by O. H. Brown, just south of the old ferry road, was bought of Lovejoy by Capt. Crowell, who died there within the writer's remembrance, at nearly 100 years of age. Capt. Crowell, when a young man, worked for him four years. He paid one dollar per acre for his land, and was allowed four dollars a month for his labor. Crowell courted one of Lovejoy's daughters, but she married someone else, which probably was the reason he never married. He felled the first tree ever cut on the lot he bought, and lived on it until he converted it into one of the best farms on the road. Mr. Lovejoy did a large lumbering business; he owned his vessels in which he carried his lumber to Boston, and brought back groceries and all kinds of supplies for his family and help. He sent his son Nathaniel to Charlestown to be educated; this son boarded with his grandmother Brown, whom he described as being very aristocratic. She had her colored servants, and about all he ever saw of her was when she came out to ride in her coach. There seemed to be a malady which cropped out quite frequently in the Lovejoy family. The original Abiel had one son, Frank, who was a deaf mute, and no generation since to the present has been entirely free from the affliction, one or more being in each generation. A few years since Prof. Bell, in making some researches into the causes and effects of this disease, took this family as a subject for his investigation in that direction. The old gentleman was blind for some years. We have no dates at hand by which to be certain just when he died, but as near as we can tell it was about 1810, and certain it is, he died in Sidney and was buried on his own farm in a beautiful spot not far from the Kennebec, where all that was mortal of him has ever since rested undisturbed. Near his, are the graves of some of his family and servants. Nothing but cobble stones mark his grave, or that of any about him save one, that of Miss Milliner, a seamstress in his family, is marked by a dark slate stone, on which are engraved the skull and crossbones of "ye olden times" above the following epitaph:

In memory of
MISS ELIZABETH MILLINER
who departed this life on
21st Feb. 1785,
Aged 66 years.
Stop here my friends as you pass by
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

This stone has within a few years, been broken in two and it is asserted by some of the present descendants that formerly, stones marked the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Charlestown, Mass., up our lovely Kennebec, one of the first settlers upon its shores in this vicinity. This man was Abiel Lovejoy; he first stopped in what is now the town of Dresden, but for some reason, presumably not being entirely satisfied with his situation or surroundings, he remained there but a short time when he again started up the river ascending as far as Vassalboro; here he took up a farm embracing quite a territory, situated upon both sides of the river, and lying both above and below what has been known for so many years as Lovejoy's Ferry. He made his home on the west side, in the present town of Sidney, which was set off from Vassalboro in 1792; his home stood upon a knoll overlooking a fine slope toward the river, upon the farm now owned by Capt. James Sherman, a retired whaleman. Here he lived the remainder of his days, and here in the soil of this same place his ashes now repose; and if this spot, in its primitive beauty was in any way to be compared with its present loveliness, it is no wonder that here he chose to live and die, for nowhere in all the Kennebec valley which has some of the finest scenery in the State of Maine can be seen people and hear more charming than this, with its broad acres of waving grass in its season, sloping gently to an intervale below and beyond this, the grand old river "sweeping in its majesty along," and in the background the "forest primeval" with its shades of "living green," the whole presenting a grand panorama of exquisite beauty. Mr. Lovejoy was born in England in 1731, but when he first came to America, the writer has been unable to ascertain nor the exact year he came to the Kennebec, but certain it is that he was in Dresden in the year 1775, when Arnold made his expedition up the river, and that he came to Vassalboro soon after. He was a man of great wealth for those days and exchanged considerable gold with Arnold's soldiers for continental money as they were going to Quebec where the paper money would not be taken. This money soon became worthless on his hands, and it is related that he had a room in his house entirely papered with it. He married previously to his coming to Maine, Miss Abigail Brown, the belle of Charlestown, whose father, a manufacturer of gloves and leather breeches, also came from England, and whose house was the first one fired when the British burned the town. Mrs. Brown had sent all their silver and pewter, which was considerable, into the country for safety; when her husband found it out he was vexed, and had it all brought back again, declaring that they didn't dare attack Charlestown. The next day the attack was made and their house was the first to fall, and with all their silver and pewter.

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William Morse of Augusta and his sister, Mrs. Mary Thomas of Benton, who are grandchildren, being the children of Phebe, Abiel's youngest child. Mrs. Philip Hanson, Mrs. Greenleaf Low and Joseph Smiley, of Vassalboro, and David Smiley of North Vassalboro, are all great grandchildren, through different branches of the family as are also Henry and Daniel Smiley of Sidney. Charles H. Lovejoy, who was for 13 or 14 years one of the selectmen of Sidney, and for several years past messenger to the Maine senate, is a great grandson. Sewell Lovejoy, who died a few years ago in Sidney, and whose widow still resides there, was also a great grandson. These, with their children and in some cases grandchildren, together with probably many other families who are more or less connected, make quite an extensive progeny about here which embraces many of our best citizens. Abiel Lovejoy, when he lived in Massachusetts, owned slaves, and when he came here brought several with him who had declined to leave him when they had been freed a few years previous to this. Their names were Salem, Boston and Venus, the two latter being woman and wife, and several children of Boston and Venus. It is related that when they were told they were free men by law, and could go or remain, Salem who was an aged man said, "I shall stay, for they have eaten the meat, now they can pick the bone." They remained with him, and the three older ones and some of the younger ones died in Sidney. A good story is told that on one occasion when the old gentleman was harvesting his hay, he went into the field to carry the liquor which was thought in those days to be quite indispensable, noticing the work was not being well done, he asked "who mowed this swath?" Anxious to escape the censure which they knew they deserved, the others replied "Boston;" again going on he said "and who mowed this and this?" "Boston, Boston," was every time the answer; "very well" the old gentleman replied, "as Boston has done all the work he shall have all the grog." In these early days of course wolves and other wild animals were plenty and on one occasion one of the slaves was sent in the winter time, with a yoke of oxen to carry a load of hay to some cattle Mr. Lovejoy had on the east side of the river, back near Lovejoy's pond; on his return he was set upon by a pack of wolves and he and his oxen were killed; the carcasses of seven wolves killed by his pitchfork lying near the spot showed how desperately the poor slave had fought for his life. The above pond which was then, and for years after, called Lovejoy's pond, is the one which is familiarly known now as Webber's pond. Life size pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy were painted which have been seen by some of the present descendants; they were carried to New York by some member of the family and there destroyed in a fire. He is described as a man of commanding presence, of marked intelligence and of more than ordinary ability, though somewhat set in his opinions. It was common in those days when information on any subject was desired, to say, "go and ask old Lovejoy." The esteem in which he was held, and the estimate of his honesty and ability is well illustrated by the fact that he was for nine years sent to represent this district in this provincial congress of Massachusetts; the first time he was sent we believe, was in 1777. He was also for years justice of the peace. He gave each of his children a farm out of his many acres and to others he sold farms from time to time. Nathaniel, his son spoken of above, received his portion upon the east side of the river in what is now Riverside and embraced quite a large territory immediately north of the Ferry and upon both sides of the river road. His house which has long since been removed, stood upon the farm now owned by Mr. Lot Trask. He also divided his farm among his children and several of them built houses near their father's, one house built by them now owned by Mr. E. S. Forrest, one lived in a house near where the Newell Reed house stands. A Mr. Chase who married one of the girls, built and occupied the house now owned by Mr. B. Y. Reed. His youngest son, Hiram, lived until a few years ago in the same house that Mr. Trask now lives in, and tended the ferry, which had previously been tended by his father as long as he was able to. The farm now owned by O. H. Brown, just south of the old ferry road, was bought of Lovejoy by Capt. Crowell, who died there within the writer's remembrance, at nearly 100 years of age. Capt. Crowell, when a young man, worked for him four years. He paid one dollar per acre for his land, and was allowed four dollars a month for his labor. Crowell courted one of Lovejoy's daughters, but she married someone else, which probably was the reason he never married. He felled the first tree ever cut on the lot he bought, and lived on it until he converted it into one of the best farms on the road. Mr. Lovejoy did a large lumbering business; he owned his vessels in which he carried his lumber to Boston, and brought back groceries and all kinds of supplies for his family and help. He sent his son Nathaniel to Charlestown to be educated; this son boarded with his grandmother Brown, whom he described as being very aristocratic. She had her colored servants, and about all he ever saw of her was when she came out to ride in her coach. There seemed to be a malady which cropped out quite frequently in the Lovejoy family. The original Abiel had one son, Frank, who was a deaf mute, and no generation since to the present has been entirely free from the affliction, one or more being in each generation. A few years since Prof. Bell, in making some researches into the causes and effects of this disease, took this family as a subject for his investigation in that direction. The old gentleman was blind for some years. We have no dates at hand by which to be certain just when he died, but as near as we can tell it was about 1810, and certain it is, he died in Sidney and was buried on his own farm in a beautiful spot not far from the Kennebec, where all that was mortal of him has ever since rested undisturbed. Near his, are the graves of some of his family and servants. Nothing but cobble stones mark his grave, or that of any about him save one, that of Miss Milliner, a seamstress in his family, is marked by a dark slate stone, on which are engraved the skull and crossbones of "ye olden times" above the following epitaph:

In memory of
MISS ELIZABETH MILLINER
who departed this life on
21st Feb. 1785,
Aged 66 years.
Stop here my friends as you pass by
As you are now so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

This stone has within a few years, been broken in two and it is asserted by some of the present descendants that formerly, stones marked the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Lovejoy. We will be generous enough to assume that the stone which is there may have been accidentally broken by some careless sportsman. We prefer to do that rather than to suppose any one would so far violate the sacredness of any burial place of the dead as maliciously to destroy monuments erected by loving hands to their memory. And yet it is true that other stones were there, we hardly know how to account for their utter obliteration upon the above assumption.

How widely different members of a family are scattered, is well illustrated in the family of Nathaniel Lovejoy, whose names are given above; of his children two are buried in the old union cemetery in Vassalboro, one in Bangor, one in Lewiston, N. H., one in Massachusetts, one in New Orleans, two in California, one in the provinces, and one was lost at sea. The Capt Shearman farm, as Abiel Lovejoy's old place is now known, is to-day one of the best in Sidney; it was purchased by the present owner in the spring of 1845 of William Lovejoy, grandson of Abiel; the present farm house on it was built about the year 1837 by David Coffin. Previous to railroading up the Kennebec valley, stage routes and country taverns were numerous; one of these routes between Augusta and Waterville passed by this place, and William Lovejoy's house was one of these taverns. This stage route was discontinued in 1852 or 1853. On this same farm and in close proximity to the graves of the Lovejoys, numerous holes at different times, some of them in quite recent years have been dug by deluded parties, searching for Capt. Kidd's buried treasures. Capt. Morse, spoken of above as one of the nearest relatives of Lovejoy, himself lived in Sidney from the age of eight to seventeen, with his uncle Abiel, who was the son of the older Abiel; he afterwards married Hannah, daughter of the late Capt. Charles Beck of Augusta, and commanded at one time a vessel running between Augusta, Bath and Portland; he also run on the steamer Halifax, with Capt. Low, between Augusta and Waterville about two years before she was blown up. Stephen, one of Abiel Lovejoy's sons, was colonel of a regiment of soldiers that went to Wiscasset to defend that port during the war of 1812. Daniel Smiley, a grandson who died several years ago in Vassalboro, had a family somewhat distinguished for ability; three of his sons, Albert and Alfred and Daniel (somewhat younger) were college graduates, and the two older have been until recent years able educators in Rhode Island; his two daughters, Sarah and Rebecca, are educated and talented, the former being a distinguished evangelist, and is also an authoress of considerable ability. Daniel Lovejoy, who we believe was a grandson of Abiel, went to Albion and there reared a family, several of whom became distinguished; one son, Joseph was a Universalist minister in Mass., another, Owen, was a member of Congress from Illinois, and an older son, Parish, published an anti slavery paper at Alton, Ill., and was twice mobbed; the first time his press was thrown into the river, and the second time was shot, and died a martyr to the cause which had long engaged his eminent ability, and to which he was wedded with a devotion which could only have been extinguished by death. What a pity such devoted advocates of freedom could not have been spared to realize the full fruition of their fondest hopes. In a family so numerous and so widely scattered as the descendants of Abiel Lovejoy, it would be strange indeed if all bore a reputation entirely above reproach, but taken together, for ability, for zeal in any undertaking, for devotion, to any cause, for every attribute which goes to make up a life of usefulness, this one will not suffer in comparison with any.

Mrs. N. H. Fossett in Fairfield Journal. Riverside.

Cure for the Blues.

No man is so miserable but may find some one poorer and more comfortless. "Sometimes when I am blue and feel deserted, I am pleased to call to mind," said a Lisbon street wholesaler, Saturday, "the day that I learned a practical lesson, and it was not very long ago, either. I was feeling awfully blue and lonesome. I saw no joy in life. I didn't know whether I was worth a dollar or not. All ventures seemed to me to fail. My wife noticed it, and she said, "What's the matter?" I told her. She looked sad, and went away.

Pretty soon she came back to me, and said, putting her hand on my head as I sat in my chair: "My dear, our neighbors down under the hill in the little house are poor. I wish you would go down and see them. You had better take down some apples and potatoes, and I will find something to send to them by the time you are ready." Then she looked in my face, and saw something that made me feel like minding her. Well, I did as she said. I put a bushel of apples and bushel of potatoes, and some pork and some other things in the wagon. But my wife added a lot of clothes from the wardrobes of our girl and our boy who are outgrown them. I started, and in due time got to the house. I saw there some one more miserable than I was. As I poured our homely gifts out into a wash tub to receive them, I got my first lesson in the relation of wealth. To see the woman weep tears of joy at the sight of apples and potatoes and children's cast-off clothes; the little ones, half naked, view them with wonder and almost with alarm, set me to thinking, and I said to myself: "Man, you have done wrong. You have neglected to appreciate what has been given to you. Why, you are rich, fabulously rich, for you have a home, a business, a loving wife and all the comforts of life."

"A great change came over me; I grew calm and still, but contept; and I have never been cast down since then that I didn't seek some poor fellow more wretched than I, in the hope that we both might be made less so together by mutual ministration."

WONDERFUL CATS. In looking over the last *Farmer*, I noticed a piece, "The Question of Canine Reason," which speaks of a cat who could open a door. I have had two, the mother and kitten, the young one about a year old, and have the mother now, who can open three doors to come into the kitchen. First a screen door which runs on a pulley; this they open by putting the paw under the bottom of the door and pulling. Then the door into the entry, which opens with a thumb latch; then an inner door, opening the same. I have always thought them very intelligent. I am very fond of them. My mother cat is a tortoise shell of great beauty. My father has taken the *Farmer* ever since I can remember.

Dexter. HALLIE L. JOSE.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

Visitor (to young widow)—"What a lovely bloom your boy has on his cheeks! Where did you get it, Freddy?" Freddy—"I found it on mamma's dressing case."

"There is one thing, dear madam, about your charming little boy which pleases me particularly," said the visitor, who had patiently submitted to having his corns trampled and his whiskers pulled out by the young hopeful. "And that is?" smiled mamma. "Dear madam, that he has not a twin."

The race is not always to the swift. A one-legged fat man can catch a cold as quickly as a sprinter.

Fangle (reading)—"Edison often consumes fifty cigars a day." Mrs. Fangle—"I should think he would invent a machine to do it for him."

When a married woman goes out to look after her rights, her husband is usually left at home with his wrongs.

Chief (to fireman throwing water into a burning church)—"Why are you keeping a stream on after the fire's out?" Fireman—"It's the first time in my life that I ever had a chance to play on the organ."

Bachelor Patriot (recalling a recent rejection of his hand)—Doctor, I believe that my trouble is a broken heart. Physician (after a careful inspection)—No, you're wrong; it's dyspepsia.

Young Folks' Column.

The Little Soldier.

I.
"When I'm big I'll be a soldier,
That's what I will be;
Fight for father, fight for mother,
Over land and sea!"
And before him on the table
Stood in bright array
All his little wooden soldiers,
Ready for the fray.
Then he charged his little cannon,
Singing out with glee,
"When I'm big I'll be a soldier,
That's what I will be!"

II.
By the firelight sat the mother,
Years were in her heart,
Thinking of the swift time coming
When they two must part.
* * *
Soon the shadow fell between them,
Soon the years flew by;
He has left his little mother,
Left her—perhaps to die.
All the laughter gone forever,
All the sunshine fled;
Only little mother praying
By his empty bed.

III.
Then there came a dreadful battle
And upon the plain
Crept the little mother, seeking
Some one 'mid the slain,
But she never found her darling
In the white moon gleam,
For the little cannon bring
Woke her from her dream.
All a dream! He stood beside her,
Singing out with glee,
"When I'm big I'll be a soldier,
That's what I will be!"

A German Grandmother.

Sunday stillness laid over field and forest, and the little houses scattered over the mountain side seemed to be deserted. Here and there before a door lay a sleeping dog, whose midday nap was only interrupted when a buzzing fly became too troublesome. Then the tormented creature would snap at the disturber of his peace, only to close his heavy eyes again the next moment.

From the village came the sound of merry violins and the grumble of the bass viols; now and then the noise of falling ninepins could be distinguished and the call of the boy who sets them up again; occasionally also the joyous shout of a gay lad, or the scream of some teased damsel. Everywhere was burning, hot sunshine. In front of the last of the little houses, which stood as though lost, on the edge of the forest, sat a curly-haired boy on a stone bench, making bump-backed letters on a slate, which he held on his knees. Every now and then he gazed lovingly over towards the village green, where his playmates looked like little bright-colored dots tumbling about. Then he would sigh and hold his slate pencil idly in his hand for a while, till his sense of duty bade him take up his hated task again.

Now an old woman stepped out of the house on the side was the boy's grandmother. She leaned over his shoulder and looked compassionately at the writer's scrawl.

"You poor fellow," she murmured, and stroked her grandson's hair with her bony hand. "So even on the Lord's day they give him no rest."

The child made a pitiful face and looked up wistfully at his grandmother.

"What things people do think of children in these days," continued the old woman, and she sat down on the bench beside the boy. "I can neither read nor write, and yet I have come through life honorably, and have well-to-do children and grandchildren. What good is that sort of thing to us peasants?"

This sounded to the lad like a song from the lips of an angel. "You don't know how to write ring, grandmother?" he asked.

"No," said the old woman with dignity, and she straightened herself up. And then deep silence followed.

"Didn't they have any schoolmasters when you were little?" asked the inquisitive grandchild after a while.

"Yes, indeed," replied the grandmother. "We had a schoolmaster, and such a one! The Ten Commandments and whatever was needed to be known was beat into the children, so that the parson was well pleased when he catechized them, but about other things he was not over-particular. Oh, he was a man, such as can't be found in these days. But there was a singular reason why I never learned to write and it is a very strange story."

The boy opened his mouth wide and looked expectantly at the grandmother, who began to tell the story thus:

"For not knowing how to write I can thank my mother, God rest her soul; and she knew nothing about it, either, and this once saved her from a great danger.

"When my mother was first married, she and her husband had a hard time to get along. They worked early and late, and scarcely earned their daily bread. One day my mother went to the woods to get bedding for the goat. While there her misery pressed her so heavily that she sat down on the ground and cried enough to break the heart of a stone.

"Suddenly there stood before her a handsome man, who was dressed like a huntsman and had a cock's feather in his hat. He asked my mother why she was crying so pitifully, and when she told him her distress he laughed and said, 'You shall be helped; I will make you rich so that you will have enough all your life long.' Whereupon he took a little red book out of his pocket and handed it to my mother, and also handed her a pencil, saying, 'There write your name in it; it already contains many whom I have helped.'

"Then my mother greatly delighted, quickly seized she book and pencil in order to fulfil the gentleman's request, But, as she could not write, she made a cross.

"And then all at once the book became as hot as fire in her hands, so that she threw it from her with a scream, and then it fell to ashes. When she looked up the strange man had disappeared, and the whole air smelled horribly of sulphur. Then cold shivers ran down my mother's back, and it became clear to her that the strange man was no other than the Evil One. She ran home with all her might, and it was a long time before she came to herself again.

"Because she couldn't write and had made a cross in the devil's book, that saved her soul from everlasting perdition, and therefore she was determined none of her children should learn to write. And if I had my way you should not learn it either, but things are different now from what they were in the good old times."

This was the grandmother's story, and she leaned back with a sigh for the good old times, and the grandson sighed too. The thought dawned upon him that he had been born a hundred years too late, and he would like to smash his slate on a rock. But his schoolmaster had his peculiarities, and in the neighboring wood grew hazel-rods in sad abundance.

Dear Mr. Editor: You know that I was to have my dog Leo harnessed up; well, I flave got my thills on my little sleigh, and I have got him trained pretty well, I think. I shall have the sleigh painted fancy colors, and mother is going to make a robe of different kinds of fur. Allen Clark and I go over to his father's carriage shop; it is a pretty long walk from his house over there, I tell you. But I was going to tell you what Allen and I are going to do over to his shop. We have a great big room below the office; we had to clean all of that, and we had pretty hard work to do it, too. First we cleaned off the ceiling, and the bench, and then the floor. We expect to have a pretty nice time when we get through with it. Yours truly, B. O.

Augusta.

Editor Maine Farmer: I am a little girl seven years old. My grandpa takes the *Maine Farmer*, and I think it is a dear old paper. We live in Bath, and my papa is a ship carpenter. I have got two brothers, George and Herbert. We have got a cow and a flock of hens which the boys take care of, we also had a pig, but we killed him. For pets we have a pup that we call Jip, and I have a big doll that papa drew at the fair held by the Ladies Relief Corps of Bath. They say it cost forty dollars, it has got great long curls, and it has on a pink silk dress, and wears a number four boot.

SARAH F. POTTLE.

Bath.

Dear Young Readers: I am quite a large girl, fourteen years old the 17th of last June. I am the oldest girls and boys enumerate what they can